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MISS YUGOSLAVIA:
the pictures that rocked the Miss World Contest

JOAN CRAWFORD:
full-frontal photos of a Hollywood legend

Hot from The Sun: LINDA LUSARDI
Page Three Girl of the Year

LOW TO MIDDLE TAR Manufacturer's Estimate.
DANGER: Government Health WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

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Vol. 19 No. 2

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Elegant Elizabeth, page 50. English Racing Antiques, page 62.

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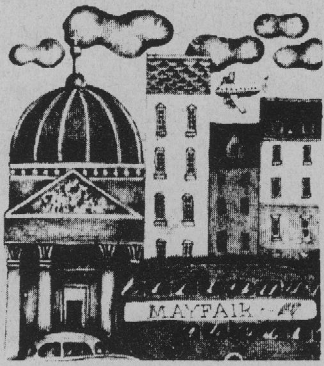
MIDDLE TAR
DANGER: Government Health WARNING: CIGARETTES

As defined by H.M. Government
CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH.

SCENE



Here at *Mayfair* our motto has always been that you can't have too much of a good thing. That's why you'll find in this issue three pictorial features which are rather exceptional to say the least. The full frontal shots of Joan Crawford are a real scoop, and are in line with our policy of bringing you famous females who are often in the public eye. It is easy for a magazine to come unstuck by featuring a supposed celebrity only to find that someone somewhere has made a mistake. It happened to a rival, and left considerable egg on the magazine's face.
With these Crawford shots, our American associates have carried out extensive research, and now we are as sure as we can be without actually having the photographer or Miss Crawford here to tell us. After seeing these shots it will be interesting when one of her old films crops up on a rainy Sunday afternoon.

Linda Lusardi was voted Page Three Girl of the Year by readers of *The Sun*, and we are proud to be able to show her as you've never seen her in your daily paper. Linda has been a top model for six years, and looks set to hold her position for at least another six, judging from the letters flooding into our offices. Linda seems to appear in *The Sun, The Star* and the *Daily Mirror* even more often than Boy George, not that we're complaining. Nothing personal, George, but we think Linda's prettier.

The Miss World competition appeals to such a huge audience that every year brings more new controversy. This year it centred around Miss Yugoslavia, Bernarda Marovt, when it was revealed that she had posed for semi-nude photos. She further fanned the flames of notoriety by being photographed over here wearing a black see-through dress. After extensive research we managed to unearth the so-called controversial photos. Readers must judge for themselves, but we find them charming and tasteful shots of a beautiful woman.

Ten years ago, an advertising copywriter was given the task of thinking up an original campaign for a lager. The idea he came up with was that it 'refreshes the parts other beers cannot reach.' The lager was, of course, Heineken, and in the last decade that phrase has made it a national institution. On TV and posters, practically every profession, a wide variety of animals and a good number of famous people have been 'refreshed' by the famous brew. Heineken put the points back in Mr Spock's ears, restored Joe Jordan's teeth and even turned evil JR into an angel. Now Heineken are refreshing our memories of some of their successes (and failures) with a book *Thirsty Work*, published by Macmillan at £5.95, looking at the story behind their advertisements. Some were released to commemorate special occasions like the Royal engagement

or the maiden flight of Concorde (above). The book also features one or two ads that never made it. The makers of *Coronation Street* objected to the use of grumpy Albert Tatlock on one of their posters. It showed Albert looking miserable, then drinking a pint of the lager, but failing to be cheered by it. The caption read simply, 'Beyond reach.' Perhaps a pint of lager should be administered to refresh the TV producers' sense of humour.

Jokes about lady drivers must be as numerous as cones on the M1. For example, there was a lady doing 100mph in the fast lane, and knitting at the same time. The police car drew alongside.
'Pull over, pull over,' yelled the officer.
'No,' came the reply, 'socks.'
But now these jokes are flying in the face of new evidence. A Utrecht insurance company, revealed the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents' magazine *Care on the Road*, has actually lowered its premiums to lady drivers. The reason being, they say, that women crash less *violently* than men.

Today the family silver takes on a new face. It's no longer candlesticks or cruets. Silver can have sex appeal in 1984. The evidence is in 'The Phollies', a collection of finely detailed and risqué figurines of young ladies. They include a nurse, french maid, milk maid, and a schoolgirl holding an ice cream. Delightfully cheeky, they are also distinctive and valuable ornaments. Each one weighs about six troy ounces, and is solid Hallmarked Sterling Silver. The only drawback is the price: £150 each, depending on silver prices at the time.

In the second collection of Simon Hoggart's humorous parliamentary anecdotes, *Back on the House* (Pan £1.75), we found this story concerning the ex-Speaker, George Thomas (now Viscount Tonypandy). Apparently the Earl of Gowrie, a Northern Ireland Minister was lolling around the Peer's Gallery overlooking the Commons chamber, his feet propped up on the wooden rail in front. Thomas spotted him and demanded to know who it was. A Government whip told him.
'Well,' boomed Thomas, 'go upstairs, and tell him to take his feet off my furniture.'

Our loyal band of great grafiti spotters has been out and about over the last few weeks, and sending us the best they've found. A gentleman from Reigate discovered this one:
'Sex is like a bank account. After you withdraw, you lose interest.'
LB of Glasgow pointed out one near the shopping centre:
'The three ages of man:
TRI-WEEKLY
TRY WEEKLY
TRY WEAKLY'
Keep sending them in. As one wit put it, 'Graffiti is changing deface of the nation.'

There is a JBL to suit every taste and every room. Listen to the legend. JBL loudspeakers from these dealers only.

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Red Radio Shop & Hi-Fi Centre, 11 Olive Street, Sunderland. 0783 72087
West Midlands
Forum Hi-Fi, Tivoli Centre, Coventry Road, Yardley, Birmingham. 021 707 3640
Hocken Sound Ltd, 1195 Pershore Road, Stirchley, Birmingham B30 2YT. 021 459 4242
R.S.C. Ltd., 17 Shelton Square, Coventry. 0203 25983
Karma Audio Visual, 26-28 School Street, Wolverhampton. 0902 773338
Yorkshire
Vickers Hi-Fi, York. 0904 29659
Turners Electrical, Bridlington. 0262 74775
Quadrophenia, 10 Nursery Street, Sheffield S3 8GG. 0742 77824
Scotland
Holburn Hi-Fi, 445 Holburn Street, Aberdeen. 0224 25713
Audio Aids, 52 George Street, Edinburgh EH2 2LE. 031 226 3979
The Music Room, 221 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 041 221 2527

JBL

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You'd never notice it.

You'll never get the chance.

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They'll be unmoved by the cost of the precision engineering.

Even the use of laser holography and computer modelling techniques in custom developing each loudspeaker, will not deter their relentless quest for ultimate perfection.

Despite hours of hard work, that loudspeaker will never reach the outside world.

Admittedly, this may seem a funny way to run a business.

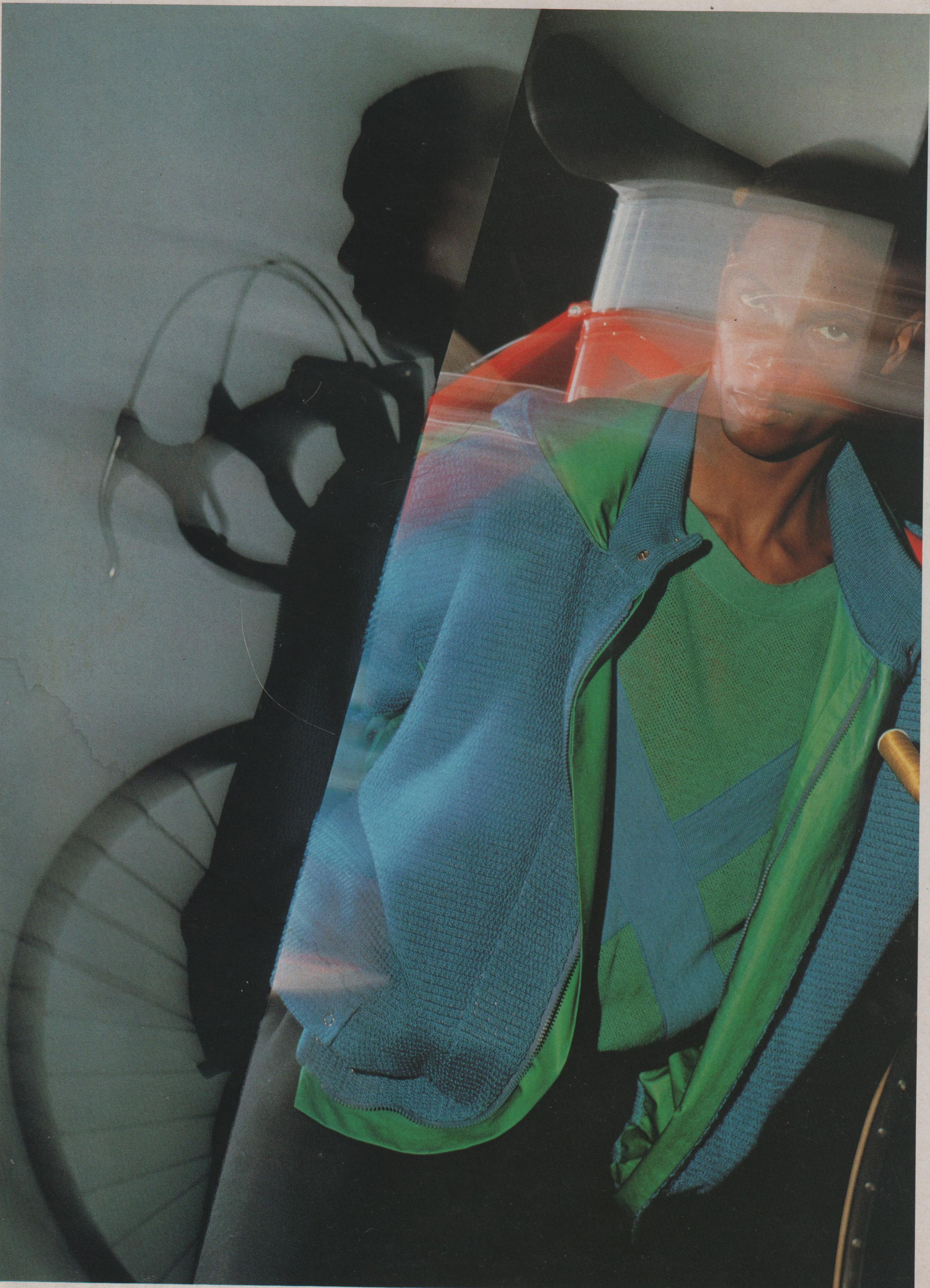
But it's the only way to build a JBL.

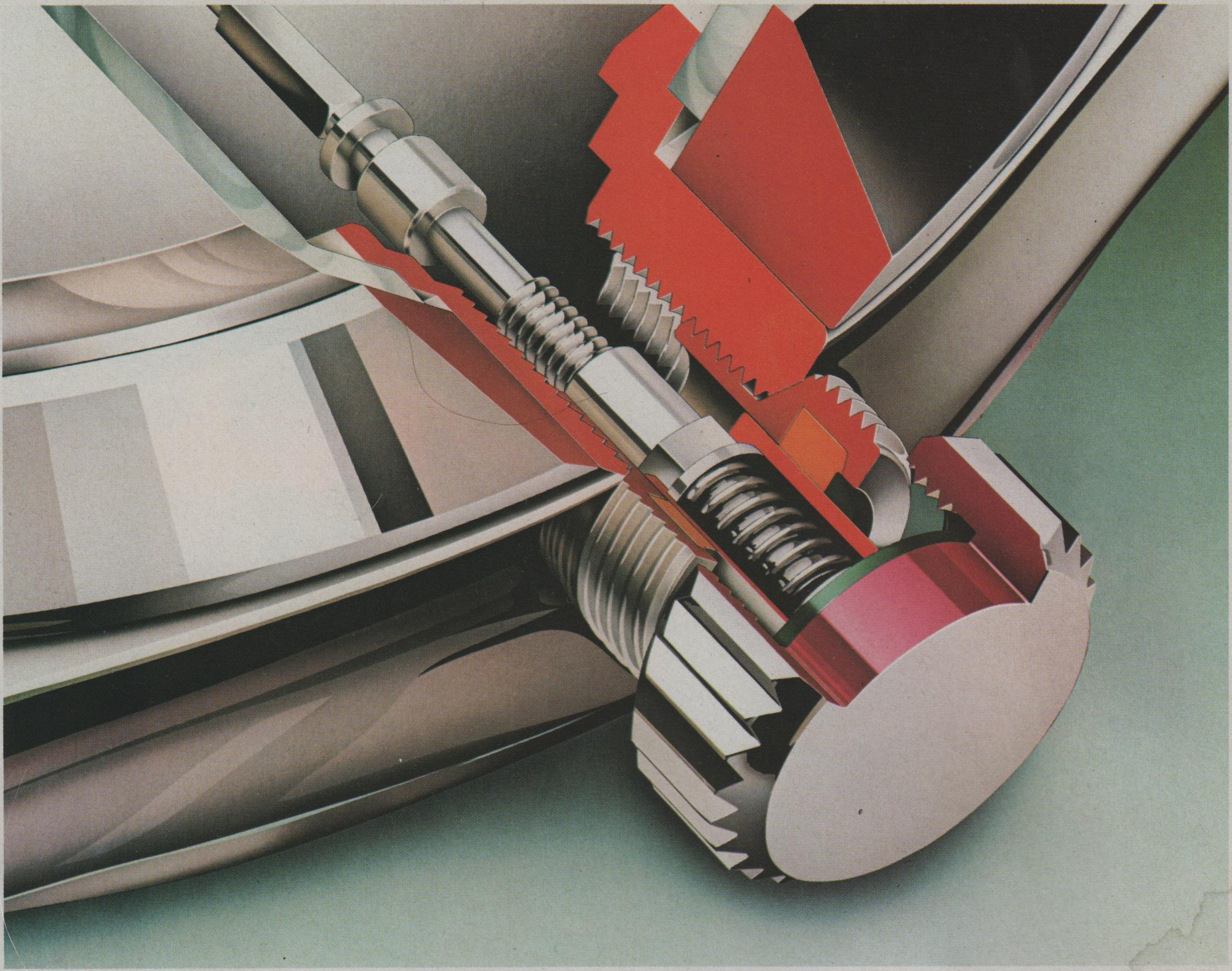
JBL

IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

BEWARE OF THE WOLF

Certification Trade Mark
Pure new wool





YOUR TUDOR WATCH WORKS LIKE A SUBMARINE.

A Tudor is not just water resistant. It's waterproof. Guaranteed waterproof. To at least 165 feet. The winding crown of a Tudor screws down tightly onto the case in exactly the same way as a submarine hatch.

The case itself is cut from a solid block of surgical stainless steel and requires no less than 162 separate operations to complete. There are no seams, no weak points, no way that anything could get in that shouldn't be there.

The crystal, the protective face covering, acts as a seal also. In fact, the deeper the water, the higher the pressure, the tighter the seal. All because of the vice-like fitting onto the case.

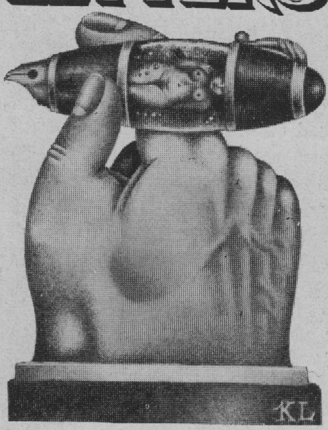
Inside this fortress, understandably, is one of the finest movements to come out of Switzerland today. A rotor, self-winding, craftsmen-built timepiece that's totally reliable and thoroughly deserving of the protection it gets.

Illustrated: The Tudor Prince Oyster Date+Day in steel and yellow metal. For the address of your nearest Tudor jeweller and further information on the complete range, write to Tudor at 1 Green Street, London W1Y 4JY or telephone 01-629 5071.

TUDOR

TOUGHEST. STRONGEST. SUREST.

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I felt I must write and comment on the beautiful girls in your glorious issue Vol 18 No 12.
When you open it at page 10, you are confronted with the epitome of feminine beauty. May the figure of Lesley Poulson always appear in *Mayfair*. Starting on page 70 is the big and beautiful Jacky Wright. Her plump boobs are a real hit with me.
Mayfair's 'Girl of the Month' on page 91, Monica Smyth is stunning in every way. Her beauty is astounding, especially her amazing breasts. She's certainly the 'Girl of the Month', but maybe it might be better to call her 'The Girl of All Time'. She is in a class of her own.
Having said that, Carol on page 113 might challenge Monica's security at the top with her perfectly proportioned body.
Nor is Thomasina Tarrant lost in the race with her well developed bottom. The title of Miss Well-proportioned body and Miss Stunning are ones that I would give to Alex Parsons.
I await your next issue with anticipation.
JC, Glasgow

After such a letter how would you like to be considered for the job of writing our contents page every month?

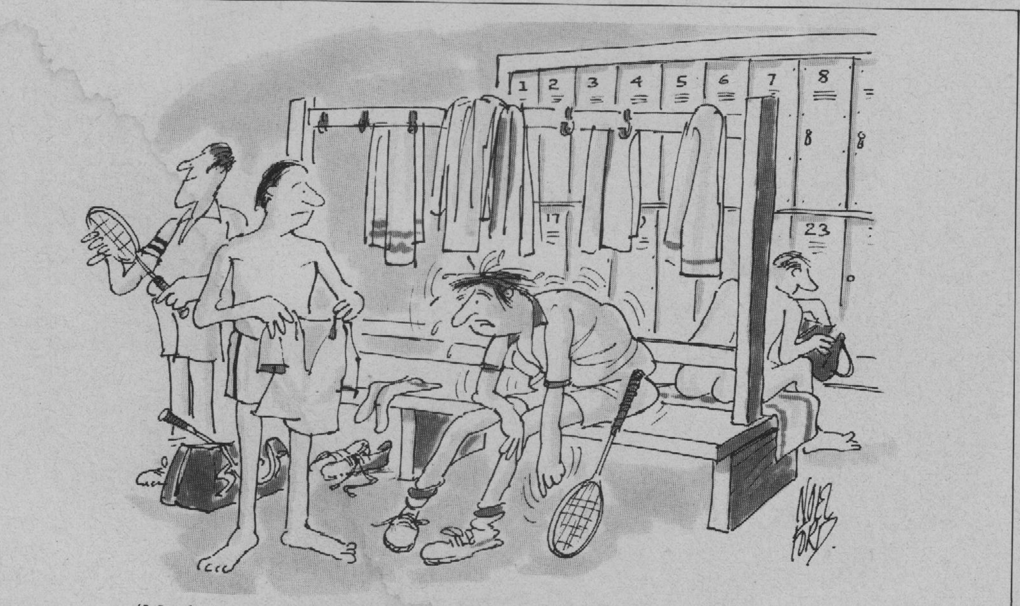
Your feature on being a gentleman in Vol 19 No 1 was very good. I particularly enjoyed the definitions that Mr Keers came up with. You may be interested to know that James I said, 'I can make a lord, but only God can make a gentleman,' a statement which has a ring of truth about it. However, a more sarcastic definition is one I read a few years ago, yet sadly cannot remember the exact source. A gentleman, it claims, is a man who, when his wife drops something, will push it to somewhere she can pick it up more easily.
KP, Dundee

Further to your feature in Vol 19 No 1 on gentlemen. My colleague at work says that we must be gentlemen – it says so over the door . . .
Richard Soul, Leicester

I've noticed that you get letters from practically every corner of the world. Well, here's a line or two of comment and suggestion from an ex-patriate Aussie.
First off, though, I'd like to correct a widespread pommie misconception. It seems to be a habit among you bludgers to rubbish Australians as being no more than twin biceps fitted with over-mouth. Well, I'm here to tell you that a great many of us are as familiar with the Archimedean screw as with any other.
Still, the purpose of this letter is not to be obstreperous, but to give you the thumbs up. In my view there's no better sight than that of a good-looking Sheila flashing the old map of Tasmania. But it needs to be done with some style. When I glance at some of the other publications on offer with their badly laid out shots of ageing tarts, and general lack of anything resembling finesse – I realise that *Mayfair* is an erotic oasis – keep it up!
All the same I do have one suggestion to make. How about making a regular feature of a sequence strip? Basically I'm thinking of a sort of Carrie in the flesh. I can think of nothing more suited to hoisting the mast (as they say in Perth Yachting Club circles) than following the progress of a nubile young woman as she divests herself or is divested of her clothing – perhaps attended by a hint of peril or discomfiture. Carrie's Guy Fawkes adventures in Vol 17 No 11 would be the ideal kind of thing, although the possibilities are endless, as I'm sure you will agree.
It all comes down to discrimination (this isn't a plea for more coloured models). Your man Shakespeare called the whole thing 'an excuse of spirit in a waste of shame', but he was a bit of a shirtlifter if I remember rightly. For the rest of us, the ultimate ball-tightener must be the slow revelation of the object of our desire, culminating in the disclosure of the silken purse between her legs.
So how about giving it a go? I'll be looking forward to future issues with eager anticipation. In fact, I might feel inclined to send a case of stubbies if you adopt my suggestion.
Jack Stapleton, Lancs

What a hilarious story your *The Night We Gave the Girls a Flaming Good Time* was in Vol 18 No 12. But such incidents are not confined to NV Salt and his cohorts. Aboard my ship, which had better remain nameless, we too were prone to the odd practical joke.
Sadly we didn't use the calcium phosphide which Salt had at his disposal, our pranks tended to be of a slightly more primitive nature. One of our big problems aboard was that our Captain was very much against all forms of over-indulgence. Wine, women and even vulgar song were strictly discouraged, so shore leaves often involved a good deal of looking over one's shoulder to see if he or any of those who agreed with his views were around. One of the worst of the Captain's 'suckers' was a man I shall call Wilkins. He delighted in reporting back to the Captain any indiscretion. He professed to be highly religious, but again we believed that was just because our Captain was also a Catholic. So one night we decided to really stitch him up.
We invited him along to the bar with us one night in Naples, and sat him down with a glass of cordial. To his surprise, a young rather attractive nun walked in, and sat next to him. Unbeknown to him, she was a local pro whom we had encouraged to dress in a habit to lure him.
She started talking to him in broken English about how she was touring local bars trying to persuade sailors to give up drink and debauchery. Wilkins was elated that he had found a girl who agreed with his views, and who was surprisingly attractive. They talked earnestly for some time, then to Wilkins amazement, the 'nun' put her hand on his knee. He didn't notice at

turn to page 12



'My doctor says that I have to give up squash or Miss Benson in accounts.'

LETTERS

continued from page 11
first, then he was a bit flustered. But that was nothing compared to his reaction when she kissed him lightly on the ear.

'Do you think you should be doing that?' he stammered as we stood at the bar trying not to laugh too obviously.

'I'm sorry I just find you so attractive,' she replied, and kissed him on the lips. He broke away as quickly as possible but there was no stopping her. The nun pushed her tongue into his mouth, and started groping around his tackle. Just as Wilkins had started to believe it, in strode our Chief Petty Officer. He stared at the sight of weedy Wilkins in a massive clinch with an extremely passionate nun, and practically exploded. Wilkins went ten shades of purple, and never dared mention 'religious' matters again. Just think what might have befallen him if we had known about calcium phosphide.

JT, Portsmouth

Brian O'Hanlon's feature on exotic Christmas presents brought to mind a few unusual ones that I had heard of.

For example, how about a device for scrambling eggs? Not very unusual? Well this one does it whilst it is still inside the shell. For the ultimate in luxury, one American firm makes a shaving foam warmer for winter's mornings. Digital clocks now appear in practically everything, including gear knobs and pens, which when you consider how many pens you've lost compared to how many watches, must rank in the useless gift awards. Another English catalogue offers such delights as a golf ball personaliser, a pillow for the bath and a microphone-shaped soap on a rope with plastic song sheets for those who like to sing as they wash.

But finding unusual gifts doesn't just worry the ordinary person on a limited budget. One sultan was stuck for a present for his wife, I read, and eventually decided that the only option was to buy her jewellery. However, he really felt that he needed a new way to present it. Then he had a bright idea. He imbedded thousands of pounds' worth of jewels in the shells of two live tortoises.

TV Ames, London NW1

'What do you mean, you're homesick for the Isle of Man? I thought you only like girls.'

In the area where I live, there is a newsagents shop which sports a fine collection of advertisements for the services of local women. Their wit in some of their advertisements is excellent. Two examples that immediately spring to mind are a corporal punishment expert who bills herself with the line 'Naughty boys get bottom marks,' and another saying simply, 'Lady has damp patch that needs attention!' But recently amongst the sets of initials (TV, CP and WS, for example) there was one that totally baffled me. It was TTT. None of my mates know the answer, though there have been some good guesses. I haven't the nerve to find out from the girl herself, but perhaps you know.

GO, Paddington

We were baffled ourselves for a time but eventually found an expert in such matters. It turns out to be the tantalising and tormenting of transvestites! We hope you are not too disappointed.

I expect that most readers of *Mayfair* will greet the arrival of mud wrestling in Britain with undisguised enthusiasm. One can also predict a certain critical backlash from the unusual quarter with all too familiar epithets like 'disgusting exhibitionists' and 'degrading to womanhood'. But some of us enjoy it, regarding striptease as a kind of nude ballet dancing, a genuine art form in its own right. After all, isn't art supposed to arouse the emotions?

It's interesting to compare mud wrestling in California (pictured in Vol 17 No 3) with its new English counterpart. The American girls are rougher and *turn to page 111*

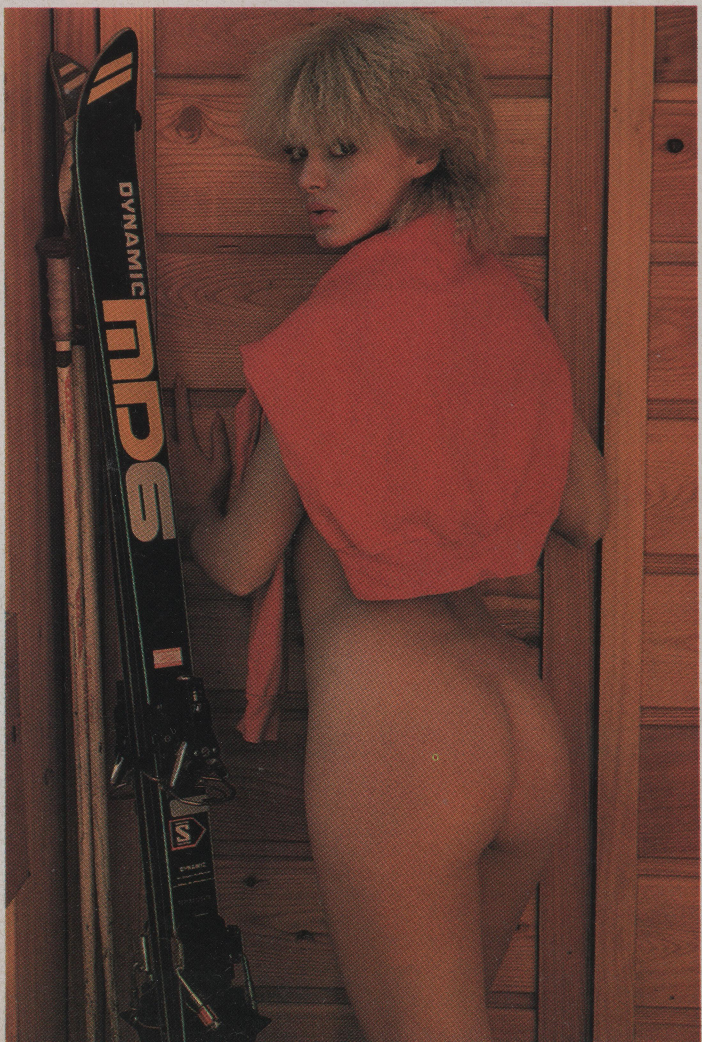
Rosemary

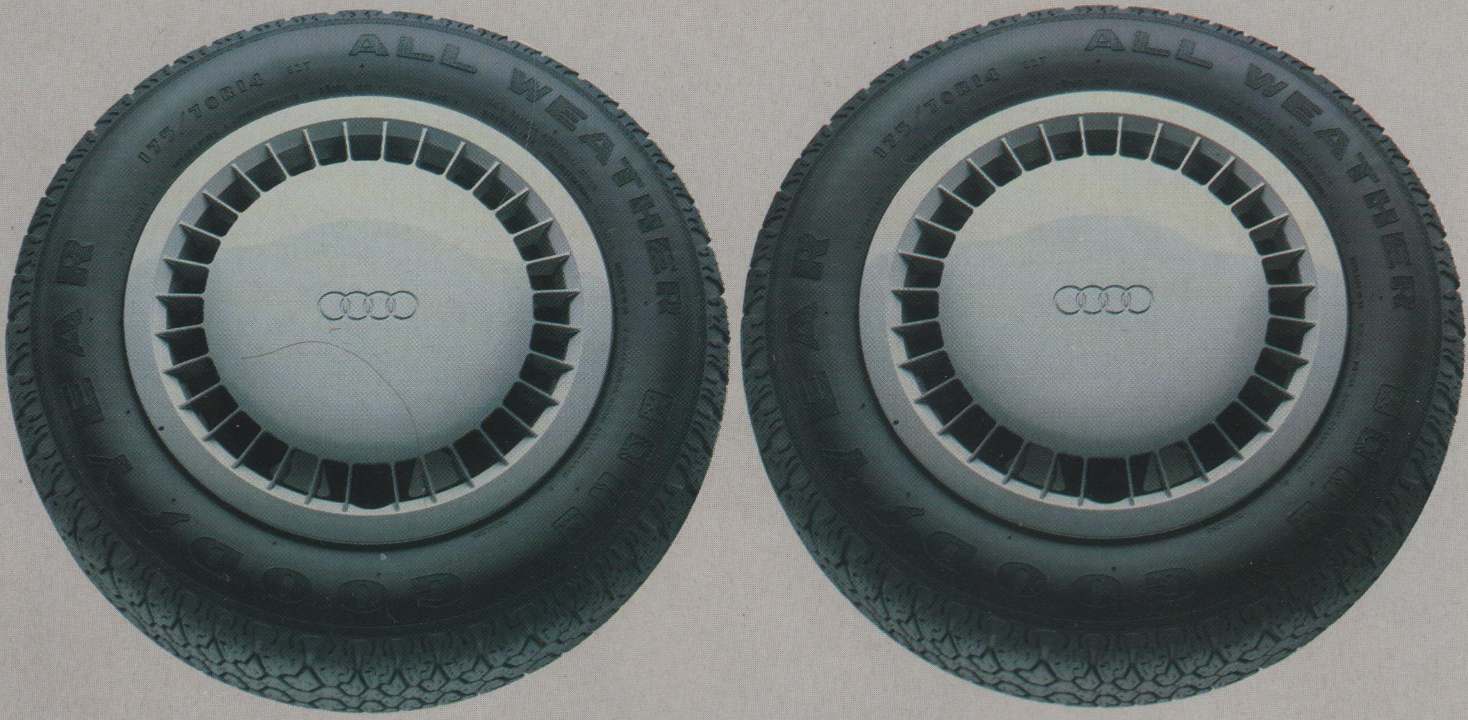
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

If you take a winter sports holiday in the beautiful Swiss town of Zermatt, keep your eye out for a sexy blonde hurtling down the black runs as gracefully and casually as if she were relaxing on the nursery slopes. It is likely to be Rosemary Richards, though her pert 34-22-34 will be a little less uncovered than it is in our photos. Rosemary, 23, is a self-confessed skiing fanatic. 'I work as a temp for most of the year so I can have the time to come out here and spend the whole season on the mountain. When I was small daddy worked for a Swiss company, and we lived out here for a few years, so I was on skis almost before I could walk. I have been to various resorts, but always return to Zermatt.'

The Matterhorn dominates the surrounding scenery, and Rosemary is fascinated by its splendour. 'It is a constant reminder that however powerful we think we are, nature will always have the whip hand. Many people have died on that mountain, but in the moonlight it looks so beautiful. And for me there is nothing more romantic than to stroll out on a clear starry night with a strong arm around my waist, a bottle of something warming, and two glasses. If you've never made love in the snow with a stranger while you look up at the Matterhorn, then I would strongly recommend it.' Rosemary is well-known in Zermatt, and the locals love the crazy English lady who once skiied topless for a champagne wager 'Of course, it was a good vintage.'

During her months in England, Rosemary specialises in legal shorthand and typing, and shares a rambling house in Richmond with three friends. 'We get along perfectly because we're about the same age, and we all believe that there are too many things to do and people to meet to restrict ourselves to one boyfriend.' At weekends the house is often the setting for parties which carry on from Saturday night right through to opening time on Sunday, when any guests still standing or awake are dragged down to one of the riverside pubs to prepare for a long walk in the park. 'We sometimes get complaints from the neighbours, but we just drag them in and give them a couple of drinks.'





You use them all why not use the

The very first cars in the world had 2-wheel-drive. And that basically is the way it's been ever since.

Odd, when you consider that almost everything else about a car has evolved beyond recognition.

Especially when you realise the advantages 4-wheel-drive gives you.

The engine can spread its power to all 4 corners of the vehicle.

This is what gave the Land Rover the degree of grip across fields and rivers that made it famous.

And Audi, who pioneered front-wheel-drive fifty years ago, are now pioneering permanent 4-wheel-drive for high performance cars.

The first car to feature this was the Audi Quattro.

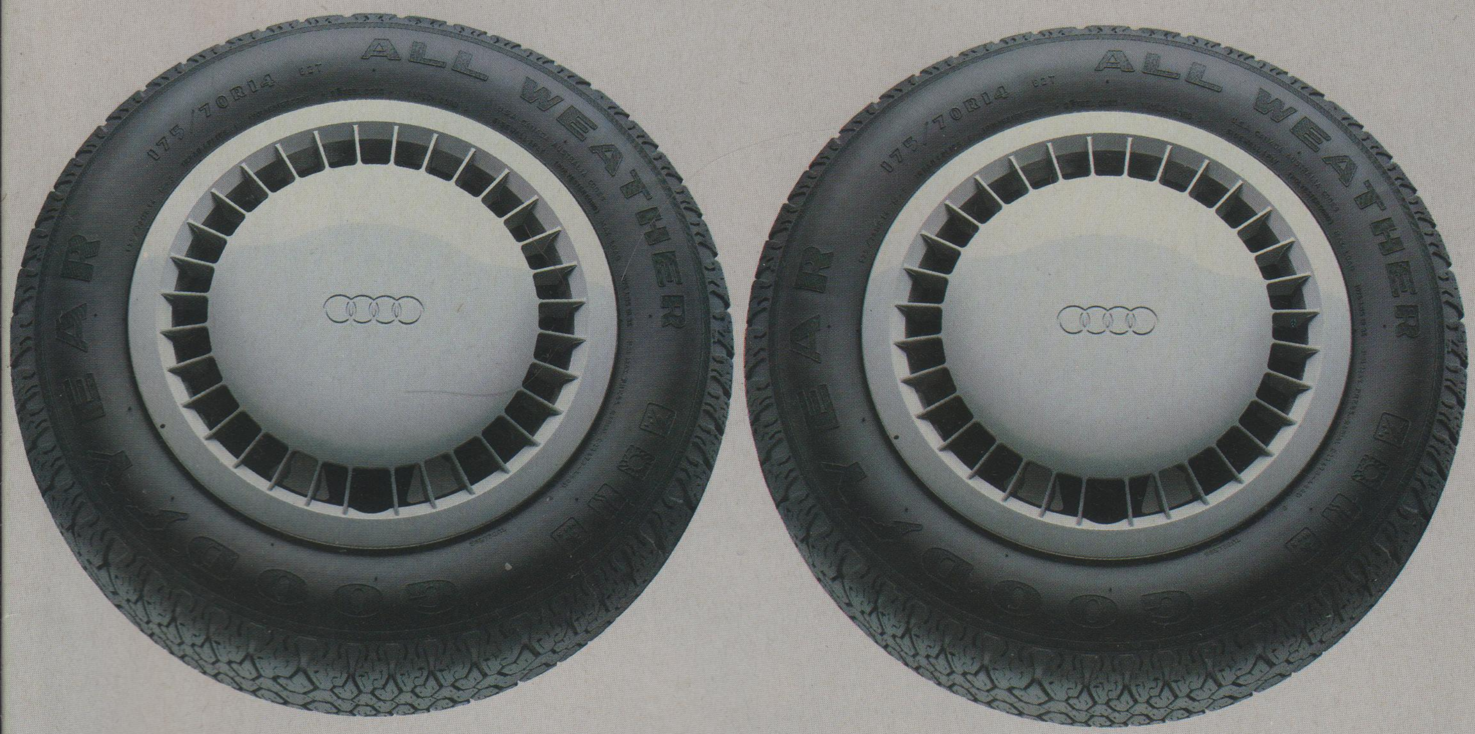
The car that has taken almost every Rally Championship going.

Now, Audi are using the same system for the Audi 80 Quattro.

When you drive the car it feels more stable. In the dry and in the wet. Around corners, on ice.

Everywhere.

One motoring journalist described it



to brake your car, m all to drive it?

as feeling 'welded to the road'.

Quite an achievement when you realise it's powered by a fuel-injected 2.2 litre engine producing 136 bhp. It reaches 60 mph in 7.5* seconds and has a top speed of 120 mph.

Of course, the Audi 80 Quattro doesn't make you invincible. Careless or thoughtless driving will still cause accidents.

What it will do, is greatly reduce the chance of being caught out by black ice, of aquaplaning, of drifting out on a corner that's being taken too fast.

It gives you, quite literally, twice the grip of a comparable 2-wheel-drive car.

Fortunately it's not twice the price. The Audi 80 Quattro sells for £11,474 ■

The Audi 80 Quattro.

*SOURCE: CAR MAGAZINE. BROCHURES FROM AUDI MARKETING, V.A.G (UNITED KINGDOM) LTD, YEOMANS DRIVE, BLAKELANDS, MILTON KEYNES MK14 5AN. TEL: (0908) 679121. EXPORT AND FLEET SALES, 95 BAKER STREET, LONDON W1M 1FB. TEL: 01-486 8411.

 ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN WHITE

I was the finest swordsman in all France. None could match my skills, though many tried, all intent on pleasing Madam. But now this presumptuous young buck has seen fit to challenge me, and Jean, my man, tells me that he is fast, very fast . . .

The First Two Swords

Fiction by
D A Moore

I sat, as is my custom after a good dinner, in the Café Royale, enjoying a good cheroot and a choice wine. It is pleasant there in the evening, sitting amidst the laughing throng, warm, the music gay, the service excellent. The performers on stage are enchanting; entertainment without vulgarity has been its patron's aim. His endeavours have served him well, for his clientele are from the top echelons of Paris society.

Though not of the nobility myself, except perhaps by profession, I sit at the best table in the establishment. The patron himself is at my beck and call, and my approving nod always brings a smile to his face. It is agreeable – yes? Without looking round I know that many a titled lady would be glad to catch my eye, and many a consort daren't meet it. Yes, it is agreeable – but it was not always so, my pre-eminence has cost me great diligence, much arduous endeavour, and danger in the extreme. I have lived on a knife-edge. So I am very mindful of my status lest an envious hand drags me down.

It is a time in France of rule by right of birth; the nobility is yet in power. Military tradition and physical courage are still an obsession, greed and passions run high, and every gentleman stands jealous on his dignity. Personal conflict, the duel, is often the end result of all that. Each gentleman must carry his sword, and be prepared to defend his honour at the drop of a hat. It is ironic, you must agree, that while dexterity with a rapier has become the highest form of noble art, I, a son of the soil, am its greatest exponent. Yes, I am regarded with great deference by all, it is natural, it is my due, for I am a duellist, but not just a duellist – *The Duellist*, in fact the foremost sword in France.

You fancy it is an enviable position? To have these aristos by the tail, to have them dance attendance to my whims and fancies, or else . . . Well, it is both yes and no. Whilst personally gratifying and financially rewarding, my situation is still fraught with much danger. You see, I may not rest upon my laurels – Madame will not let me. Allow me to explain: as befits my status, I enjoy the favours of the loveliest women in Paris.

Madame believes that her beauty should belong to the bravest and strongest – and who am I to deny such acceptable logic? So when she came to this reasonable decision I accepted it with good grace. Her passionate nature and my outstanding physique were entirely complementary, and I cannot deny

that I still enjoy her favours to the full. However, I frequently wish I didn't, for Madame, as well as being lovely, is both capricious and cruel. It is a diabolical combination. She has her host of ardent admirers, and between them and her is one obstacle – my sword.

This is a lethal game she plays. My position I must defend at all costs. Without it I am nothing, I must remain the supreme exponent of my art. But to the truly brave and amorous, such hazards are to be overcome. Take the young gallant who stood at the far side of the cafe, his eyes fixed steadfastly upon mine. Madame's latest conquest I surmised; I had seen that look many times before. He approached with that forced air of arrogance, the lift of the head and the overswagger of the hips I have learned to recognise – I was about to be challenged.

He was, I mused whilst sipping my wine and watching his approach, comely to almost an effeminate degree. His actions weren't.

'You're a bully, a braggart and a coward sir.' His glove cracked hard against my face, then he flung it to the table-top.

I wasted no words querying his cause; Madame's the cause, she always was.

There's no fool like a love-besotted fool, and no greater fool could do what he'd just done. Exhaling cheroot smoke into my empty glass, examined the gyrations within it.

'You realise,' I queried evenly, 'that I now have choice of weapons?'

'Of course, I assume it will be rapiers.'

'Naturally,' I confirmed, smiling and calling for more wine, 'Tomorrow at dawn then – you die.' He spun on his heels, and marched quickly away – they all do that, I can't imagine what their haste is; it must be the longest night of their lives – and their last.

Our seconds arranged details, time and place. My man knew my requirements. An hour before sunrise he awoke me with black coffee laced with a little cognac, then assisted me to dress. Jean is meticulous about my person on such mornings, for which I am grateful; too loose or too tight a hose, boot or other apparel could prove disastrous.

'Will you flex at the knees, sir?' he asked.

'You mean you doubt my ability now, Jean?' I chuckled, but did as I was bid.

'No sir,' he smiled. 'Just checking your breeches.'

'I understand sir,' he informed me, whilst buckling a leather strap about my wrist, 'that Madame intends to be present.'

'What? In person? At this hour?' I pondered, 'She must fancy this young bucko's chances. Really! What do we know about him, Jean?'

'Not much sir. He has no reputation in the city, but, I have watched him in the gymnasium, he practises there assiduously.'

'And, Jean?' I asked.

'He is very accomplished, sir. I feel he cannot be from Paris or I must have heard of him.'

'Accomplished? How accomplished, Jean?' He shrugged.

'Very accomplished. It was difficult to determine his exact calibre, you understand, his opponents were not of great note.'

'No – quite. But nevertheless, accomplished?'

'I would say so, sir, yes – and very fast.'

'Fast? Hmm, how fast Jean?'

'As quick as a cat, and aggressive. Ah, such aggression! He attacks continuously, and without respite. But therein, sir, might lie your advantage. I thought whilst I watched that he several times outreached himself.'

'Well done, Jean,' I smiled, patting him on the shoulder. 'Your money is on the right man, I trust?'

Laughingly he gestured with palms uplifted as to indicate penury. I knew different, he must have made a Louis or two in wagers by now. Good fortune to him – though one day he would lose.

I executed a *parry-riposte* at my reflection in the mirror. Perfect! It was still lighteningquick. Maybe less supple in the wrist now, but the technique, the dexterity – in all Christendom there was no equal. La Boessière at his best, perhaps, but then he never had my physique, my strength. La Boessière, the greatest fencing master of all time. He had watched a filthy, near-naked infant split a grass snake with a stick. Perhaps he saw something, or perhaps he was drunk at the time:

'Give me that child,' he shouted at my parents working in the field, and flung a gold-piece at them. 'I can put food in his stomach and a magic sword in his hand.' Poor wretches, they let me go, it was one less mouth to feed. I'm not sorry – only for them. Maybe he was drunk, but he kept his promise. So began for me a long, long apprenticeship in his *salle d'armes*. It amused him, I believe, to watch the peasant grow to outfight the aristos at their own game.

'I grow weary of these affairs, Jean,' I confided. 'How many is it now?'

'In Madame's affairs, sir? – Oh, a dozen or so I would tally, Madame is most persistent.'

'Most,' I agreed. 'How will it all end, Jean? Which will fade first, Madame's beauty? My honour? Or the ability of my sword?'

'Your honour will never fade, sir,' he said, handing me my hat.

'Will it not?' I smiled, and tapped his chest. 'One day, Jean, my sword will, one small slip, the slightest error, and your master is no more.' I laughed, then bade him adieu. Breakfast for one, Jean – Madame will be mourning a lover.'

The scene was set when I arrived, the usual clearing in the wood. The light was good enough, I won't duel in the dark, there's no art in blind-man-butchery. The usual gathering was milling about, I mentally checked them over: adversary, seconds, surgeon – all there, the latter superfluous in my opinion – my despatches are irretrievably final. Madame's carriage, I noticed, was at a discreet distance, half-hidden under the dripping trees. 'What an imbecile my adversary must be,' I wondered, 'to stake his life against odds for such as she. She would watch him die, and then go yawning off to bed.'

The seconds started the preliminaries and formalities. These nobles, they must even die with ceremony! Briefly testing the sodden ground under my feet, I brushed them aside. I'll have none of it – it's coats off and down to business, I say.

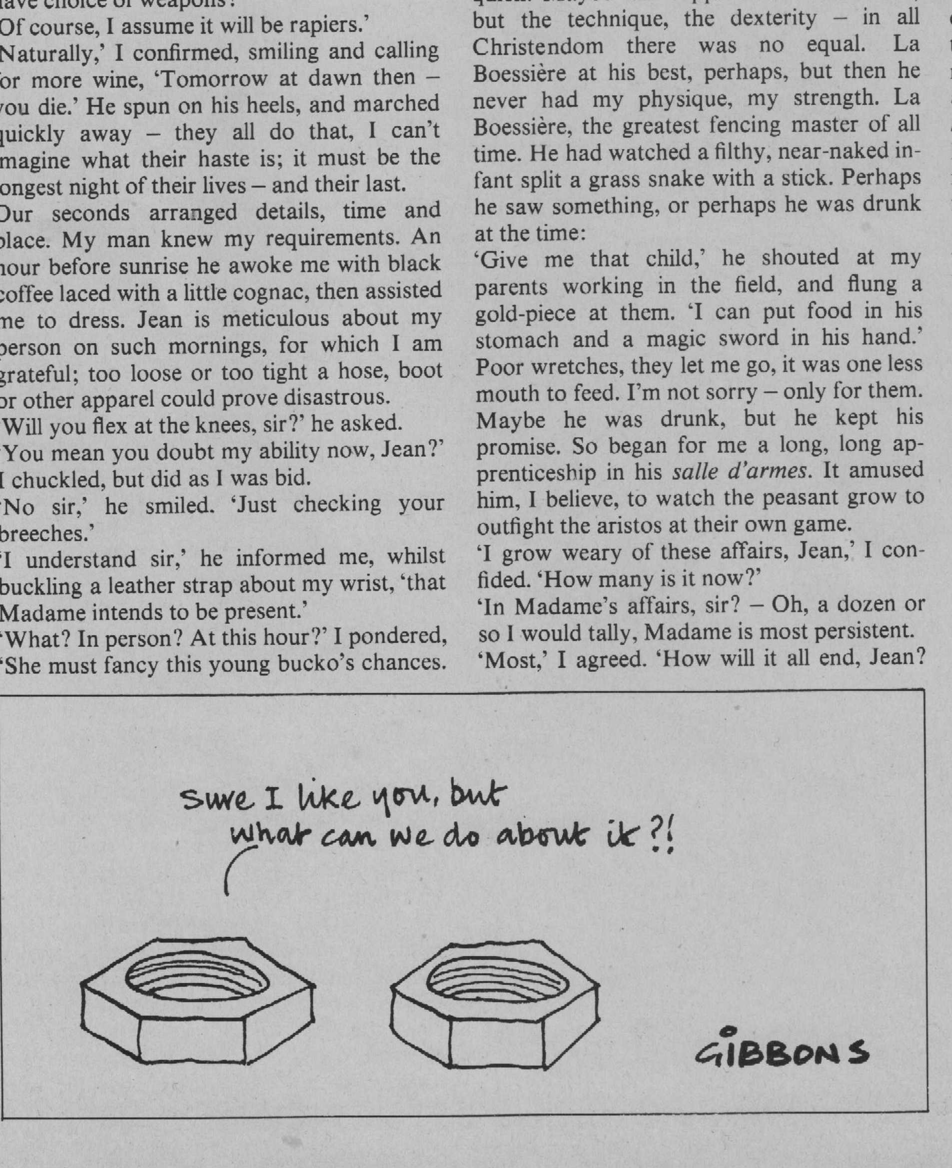
'Have at you, sir,' I murmured brusquely, then attacked hard forthwith. It's a good trick; catch them cold, and they're skewered chicken before their blood is up. Not this one though, he was ready for it, and adroit and nimble as a gazelle. He defended himself adequately. *Redoublement* upon *redoublement* I pressed home – wasted effort, I knew. Rat-a-tat-tat. Rat-a-tat-tat. That long it takes me to gauge the calibre of an adversary. I feel it along the blades from his to mine, action – reaction, it tingles in the fingers and wrist, from the elbow and shoulder to the brain. I eased my attack to save breath, this would be no short affray.

Not to belabour the details of that duel, let it suffice to say the longer it progressed the more respect I gained for the other's prowess. His ripostes were coming straight off the steel, his bladework was astonishingly adept, I had seen nothing like it since Boessière himself. Add to that a youthful vigour with an almost frightening speed of footwork, and you may imagine that growing respect. Fearful? Concerned? No, never. In the heat of conflict, you cannot afford self doubt. But it was small wonder that Madame fancied her bucko's chances, and was waiting like a harpy for the death. Well, she would have it – his. My defence is impenetrable, my strength a legend. Let his youthful energies expend themselves in futile attacks, then when he weakened and slowed, a devastating thrust for his heart.

I have said the youth was comely, and that's the way he fought, like a blonde tiger. One of his ferocious attacks gave me the opportunity to dwell on this.

I had turned his final lunge and followed through with a sharp *riposte*. He had parried in turn, and, anticipating a *redoublement*, sprang backwards, but in doing so, lost his footing on the wet grass. Momentarily he was off balance, and in a trice I was thrust-

turn to page 102



'Young man, could you use another hand on your standpipe?'

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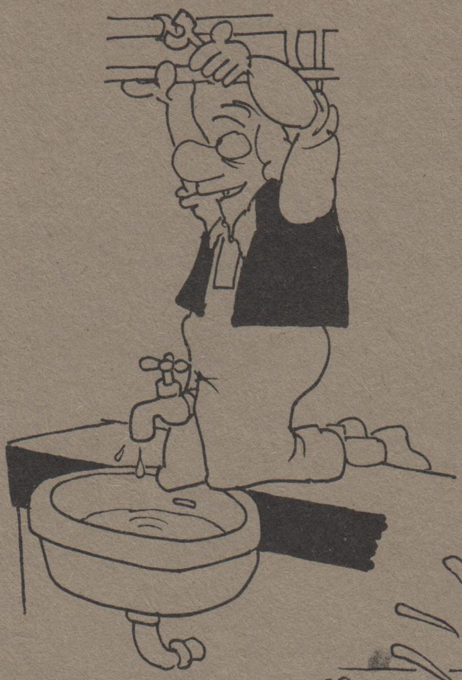
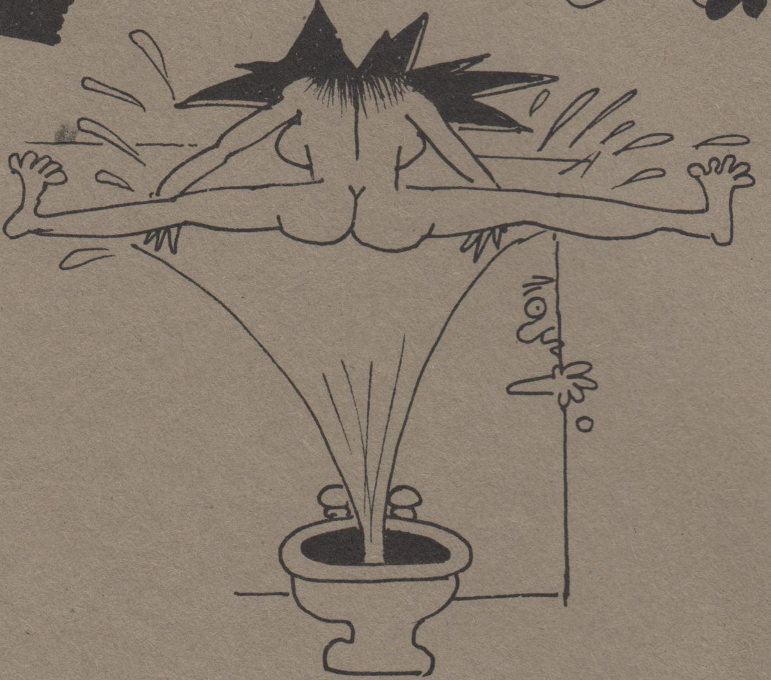


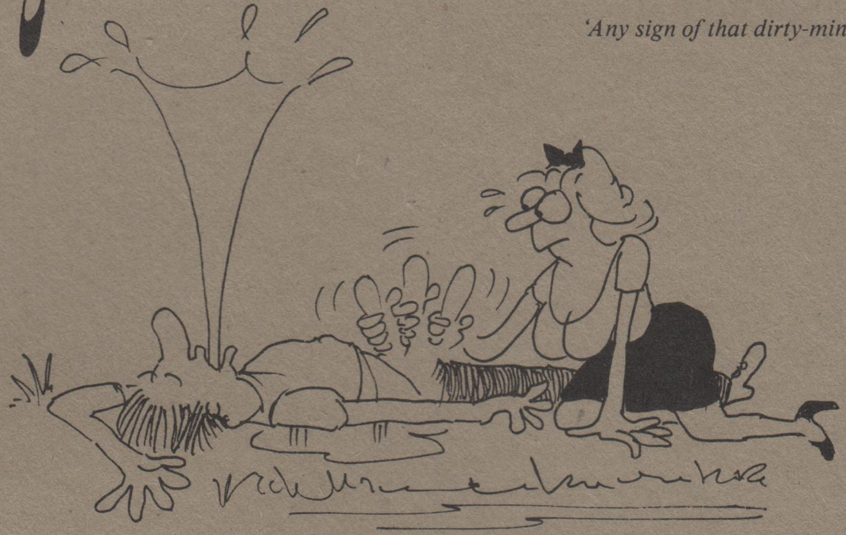


'The plumber said not to use the bidet yet dear!'

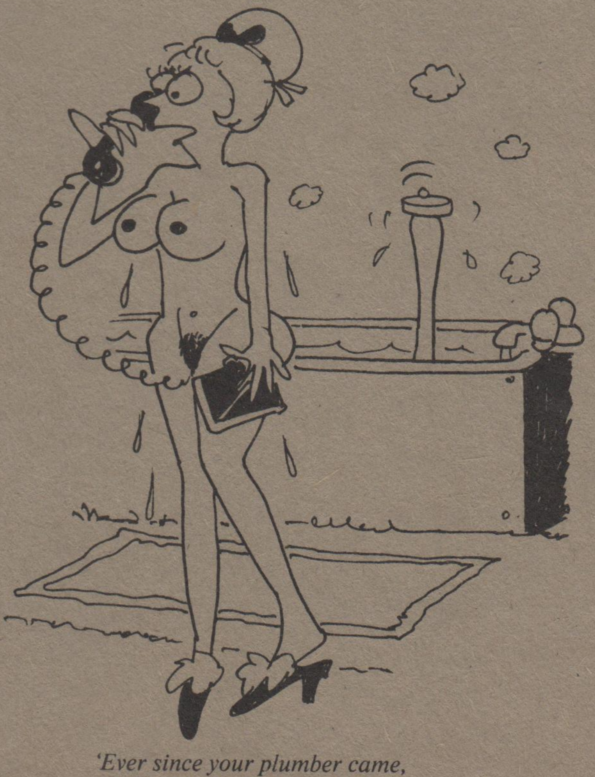
'Got it!'

'. . . And is there any cure for pipe-judder?'

'Any sign of that dirty-minded little plumber yet?'



'I think I've found your ball-cock, dearie.'



'Ever since your plumber came,
every time I strip off to get in the bath. . .'

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

** ♡♡♡♡ **New York Nights** (18), 1 hr 49 mins. Two lady wrestlers, clad in black undies, demonstrate their skills so vigorously for a photographer that the referee has to up-end a bucket of water over them – incidentally soaking visibly to the skin a visiting authoress. Retiring to a nearby cloakroom she's joined by the photographer who snaps a series of erotic poses before spearing her as she swings, trapeze-like, from a cubicle door. Meanwhile a rich husband looks on approvingly as his dark-haired wife, disguised as a man, is seduced by a gay male pick-up. And a stunning debutante dances for her financier step-father in a clinging, see-through negligee, shrugging off its top to reveal quite the most mind-numbingly perfect bosom to appear on screen in a long time. These form just three of nine interlinked tales that allegedly lift the lid off 'swinging' New York. In fact the format provides the excuse for a broad spectrum of sexual activity, from group gropes and a lesbian interlude at the orgiastic night club, Plato's Retreat, to a romp on an executive's desk. Some episodes work considerably better than others, but first and last score highest, mainly due to the presence of the debutante (Corinne Alphen) whose centrefold figure and aura of enthusiastic sexuality breathe erotic life into everything – and everyone – she touches.

**** ♡♡ **The Honorary Consul** (18), 1 hr 43 mins. In a large Argentinian border town in the days of the Junta a young English doctor (Richard Gere), whose father is a political prisoner in neighbouring Paraguay, lusts after a beautiful Indian girl in the local brothel, only to see her married to the town's amiable and drunkenly inept British consul (Michael Caine) – a fact which does not deter the doctor in the least from giving the obliging lady a series of private and very pleasurable examinations. When he becomes reluctantly involved in a kidnap plot by local revolutionaries news of the affair leaks out, and the tale ends in a hail of gunfire. Based on Graham Green's novel, it's a taut and highly charged film.

♡♡♡ **The Girl From Trieste (18), 1 hr 43 mins. You'd think middle-aged expatriate American cartoonist Dino Romani (Ben Gazzara) would know better than to get involved with a sultry, sloe-eyed, utterly capricious nymphet (Ornella Muti) he helps rescue from drowning at an Italian beach. Especially when she makes a habit of sitting splay-legged and knickerless at cafe tables or bidding waiters enter her hotel bedroom while she combs her hair, naked, at her dressing table. That's not to mention her decision to shave off her dark, shoulder-length hair shortly before retiring topless to a beach hut with a disbelieving beach boy. The lady, it transpires, is not only a handful, in every sense, but bananas.

*** ♡♡ **House Of Evil** (18), 1 hr 32 mins. When the house mother of a New England campus sorority house dampens the ardour of a co-ed (Eileen Davidson) by puncturing her water bed in mid-screw with a boyfriend, the student and her six housemates set up a retaliatory prank, which promptly misfires, resulting in the house mother's demise on the eve of a graduation party. Little do the girls realise the accident is over-looked by the woman's insane son, secretly incarcerated in the house's attic these twenty years past. As the party begins he takes his grisly revenge.

*** ♡♡ **Rumble Fish** (18), 1 hr 32 mins. Set in an American city in the near future this film charts the efforts of a none-too-bright would-be teenage gang-leader (Matt Dillon) to emulate his elder brother (Mickey Rourke), a former gangleader himself, but now colour blind and near deaf from too many gang fights. A curious, rambling tale, superbly photographed in black and white and closer to a dream than a straightforward narrative. Sensationally choreographed battles are spiced with moments of sharp eroticism. But be prepared to work hard at making sense of it all. The title refers to Siamese fighting fish with a habit of killing each other on sight, except presumably in the mating season.

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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

'The guitar's alright, John, but you'll never make a living out of it,' that was the verdict of John Lennon's Aunt Mimi as recalled on the cover of **Mersey Beat,** EMI's golden oldie collection. And what a magnum opus it is. No less than 37 tracks featuring the very best sounds that Liverpool produced in the sixties. Bands like The Beatles, Gerry and the Pacemakers, The Searchers and the Swinging Bluejeans team up with other Liverpool veterans Cilla Black and Freddie Starr (then a singer) for a fine selection of nostalgic hits. *I Want to Hold Your Hand, Ferry 'Cross the Mersey, Sweets for my Sweet* and *She Loves You* are just a few of the songs on this album along with lesser-known tracks all relying on the old guitar and drums combination beloved in those pre-synthesizer days.

At 21, Jimi Hendrix followed in his father's footsteps and became a professional musician, playing guitar on Southern tours, and backing artists such as Little Richard, the Isley Brothers and Wilson Pickett. Then, while playing in a Greenwich Village club he was spotted by Chas Chandler, and arguably the greatest rock guitarist of all was launched on a meteoric but short career. Pickwick have just released a compilation album or some of Hendrix's lesser well-known cuts, with a sprinkling of favourites. **The Jimi Hendrix Album** contains eight cuts, including *Have You Ever Been (to Electric Ladyland)* and versions of Dylan's *The Drifter's Escape,* and *Blue Suede Shoes.* It's hard to believe that the master of psychedelic rock died more than 13 years ago, but this album deserves a place in the record collection of anyone interested in the history and progress of rock music.

Shakin' Stevens may not be the most original of artists, but he has a style and delivery, not to mention a knack of choosing just the right single to release, which are guaranteed to keep him at the top for years to come. Shaky is wholesome, fresh and invigorating, and is always a pleasure to watch. **The Bop Won't Stop** (Epic) is his latest album, and contains his hit singles *Cry Just a Little Bit* and *It's Late.* It's worth investing in the cassette version if you're also a home computer buff with a Sinclair ZX Spectrum 48K, because the cassette version comes with a free 'Shaky Computer Game'. Best tracks are *A Love Worth Waiting For, Livin' Lovin' Wreck,* and the album's title track.

It's always a pleasure to hear a new Dionne Warwick album, and **So Amazing** (Arista) is no disappointment, with a quite stunning version of the old Carole King/Gerry Goffin song, *Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow,* originally performed in 1961 by the Shirelles. Luther Vandross produced the album, and he combines with Ms Warwick on *How Many Times Can We Say Goodbye,* the first single release to be taken from the album. Dionne Warwick's delivery is smooth, effortless and relaxed, and she deserves her place at the forefront in popular music.

Once you have convinced the young lady that she really ought to come back for coffee, the next priority is setting the right atmosphere. Music helps, and one of the best 'mood' albums for some time has to be **Imaginations** from CBS records. It is a collection of instrumentals by the original artists. *Song for Guy,* the Elton John hit is featured, along with themes from films and TV including *Ordinary People, Merry Christmas, Mr Lawrence, Reilly Ace of Spies* and the Love Theme from *An Officer and a Gentleman.* If the work of the best instrumental composers in the world doesn't have her melting into your arms, then perhaps you need a new girlfriend.

One of the most unusual stars to emerge in 1983 was fat, extremely camp and an astrologer. His name is Russell Grant, and he made his TV debut on BBC1's *Breakfast Time.* Now the 'cuddly clairvoyant' has turned to light entertainment with a new BBC album called **Russell Grant's Zodiac Jukebox,** a collection of songs and sketches depicting the various astrological signs, sung and told by Russell himself. Ludicrous? Well, you're not far wrong, but those of you who have their head in the stars might find it quite amusing.

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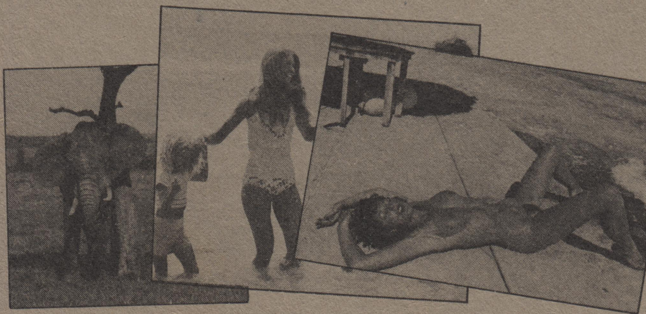

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EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

The best news around the Earl's Court/West Brompton area of Kensington I have heard for a long time is that **L'Artiste Affamé** has reopened after a long lay-off when the entire building was restructured. People who appreciate the delights of well-cooked Provençale cuisine found it long ago at *243 Old Brompton Road, SW5 (Tel: 01-373 1659).*

The new restaurant looks twice the size, but actually is not. Owner Peter Durrant has shifted things around. I am sad to see the old fireplace go, but that's progress.

I took a bank manager to lunch at *L'Artiste*. It was such a success that going home on the District Line he dozed off, and found himself at the end of the line at Richmond. Which was a pity, because he wanted to go to Ealing.

It must be something in the excellent salmon mousse, or the creamed haddock; the patés, the avocados; the sauce with almost everything: especially the Dijon steaks, and the white wine-sauced fish dishes. I don't think it could be the cheese, but the new chocolate mousse has rum in it. *L'Artiste Affamé* costs £25 to £30 for two people, if they have three courses each and a bottle of house wine. But it *is* good value – and old customers will enjoy the open, new look, downstairs, including the floor-to-ceiling *Belle Epoque* mural, just inside the front door.

Paling's is a good West End wine bar at *25 St George's Street* where it joins Hanover Square. It's now owned by Anthony Miller, managed by competent Scots lass Suzie Hall-Smith, with plenty of helpers. *Paling's* is for the under-35s, and opens every day of the week, Sundays excepted. Wine bar, and help-yourself restaurant are combined; the combination of Gordon's gin bottle green carpeting, and the slosh of plum-coloured paint on most bits of available wood, does give the premises distinct aesthetic appeal. 'Demi Montmartre . . .' said a punster.

Partitions of various dimensions come out of the back wall, and are inset with those straight-backed, wooden chairs and plain tables. White house wine is excellent value at £3.95. The house claret, at £4.95, is another good buy, and there are wines from the rest of Europe; although the house makes a bull market of its claret with eight listings from a '79 *Chateau Faurie-Pascaud* at £4.95 to a '78 *La Croix de Berny* at £6.95. Good food, with a touch of prep school – macaroni cheese; handsome portions of mackerel paté; plus several daily hot main courses, and a whole gamut of cheese and puds.

Bedside Manner is a new restaurant open only at lunchtime in the basement of *122 Charing Cross Road, WC2* (Tel: 01-240 0260). The sensible marketing philosophy behind the idea is to utilise a nightclub as something else during the day. A thing which has been successfully done well at *School Dinners* in Baker Street. Both play on the alleged fetishes of public school men for girls in gym slips and nurses in white mini-overalls, showing plenty of thigh and suspender, above black stockings. Perhaps it was me, but although I enjoyed my lunch I came out feeling distinctly uncomfortable. The waitresses said they were not hostesses, yet sat close at various tables. I am still old-fashioned enough to believe that it's the man who does the inviting. The food is good; not cheap, but well prepared and presented. There is a £12 fixed menu, or à la carte. A £1 cover charge and a 12 per cent service tab. My guest's skate in butter sauce, he told me, was excellent, and I gave full marks to the way my veal holstein had been cooked (£6.50). It came with egg and anchovies; the yoke was not broken, and the anchovies were fresh and succulent. There was little wrong, either, with our starters of parma ham with fruit (£3.85), and a good £3.75-worth of crab cocktail. The wine list, too, was right. From 80p a glass house ordinaire to some very good fine wines and vintage champagne. But, I was disappointed by the scruffy bunch of tie-less young men who sauntered in, and the over-larking about of one of the waitresses.

Prices might have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishment if you are in any doubt.

The girls you've asked to see

Page Three Girl of the Year Linda Lusardi

Linda with Arsenal footballer Charlie Nicholas at the party where she became Page Three Girl of the Year.

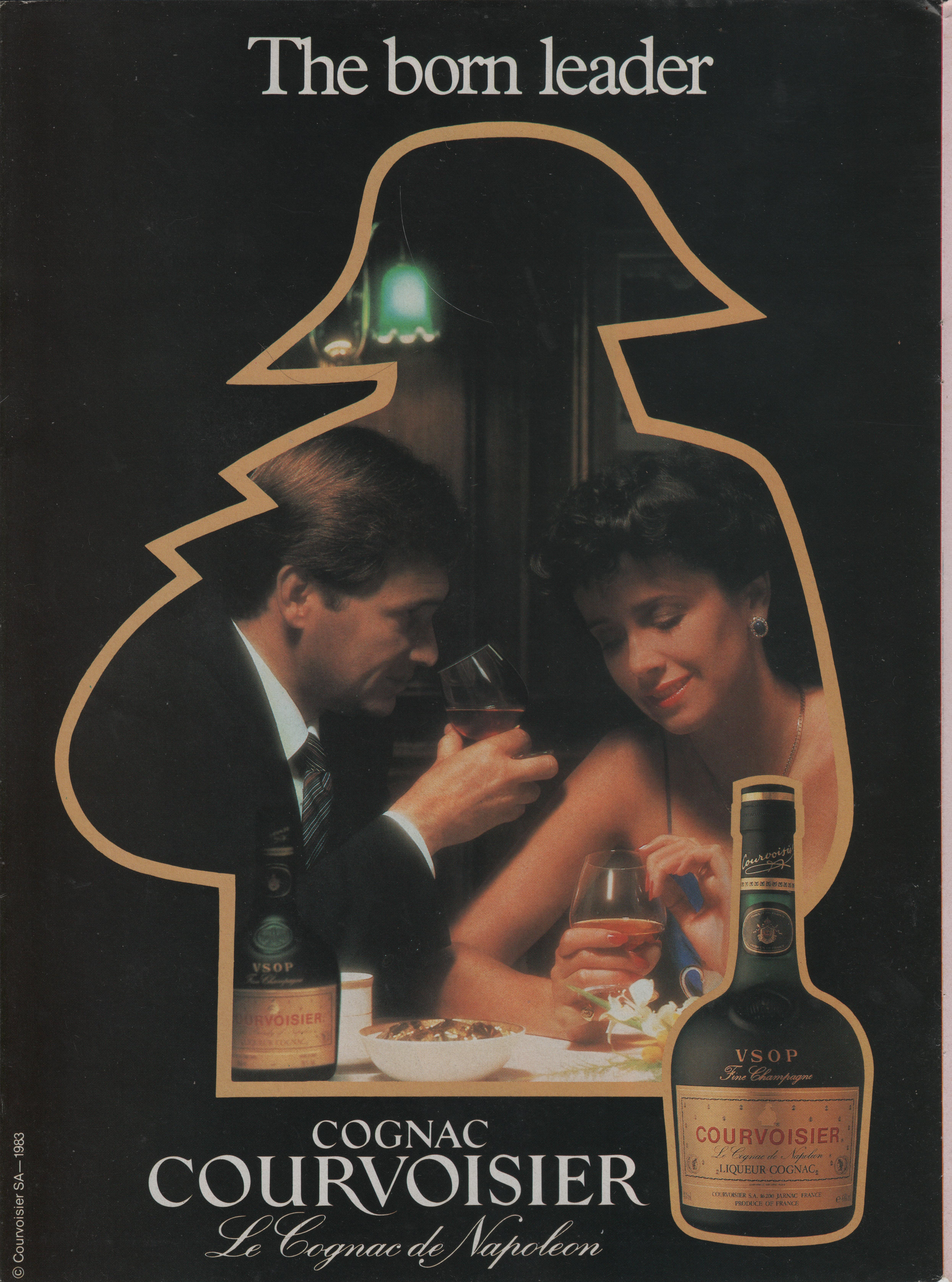
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

At the *Mayfair* offices we receive countless requests from readers to feature particular models, film stars and actresses. But one name seems to crop up more than any other, and has been doing so for ages – Linda Lusardi. Incredible as it might seem, Linda has been a top model for six years now, and her many fans have recently given her the accolade of *Page Three Girl of the Year*. Twenty-five-year-old Linda is in such demand that she spends three months abroad every year modelling the latest fashions. And when she is at home, she is busy making personal appearances all over the country, or appearing in advertisements for various companies like Playtex and Thorn-EMI.

Linda's striking 34-23-35 figure is also popular with the services, and she is official pin-up for many ships and regiments, being invited to their dances and dinners. A keen driver, she likes to drive her Fiesta Super Sport to her engagements whenever possible. Linda still lives with her parents in North London, and is often spotted walking her Alsatian dog in the park.

Linda has appeared on the *Kenny Everett Television Show*, and one day we might see her on *Top of the Pops* as she has an ambition to become a pop star, and is looking for the right material to record. Painting in watercolours, and sketching are Linda's hobbies, and when she gives up modelling she'd like to become art director of a London ad agency. And the figures would be no problem because she worked in the accounts department of a large Holborn office before being 'discovered' at a bus stop by Joanie Allum, wife of photographer John, herself a former *Mayfair* model.

Linda admits to having a healthy appetite for pasta and chocolate, and always has breakfast before a busy day's modelling. 'I start the day on bacon, eggs and toast. Then if there isn't time for lunch I don't feel faint all afternoon.' To keep in trim, she jogs every day, swims regularly and plays tennis at her local park. Linda also works out with weights in a gymnasium.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'You could call it the St Valentine's Day Massacre.'

JUST PLAIN CUPID

Valentine's Day brings cards and flowers,
but in this permissive age, says Brian Forbes, it also
leads, happily, to scenes of unbridled lust

'And lastly there's a silly one from someone signed "Ambitious Diver".'

'It goes,
"Dear Miss Yoga who's seen though the glass,
How much I admire your so sexy ass.
So I'm taking this chance to send you my love
With regards from the guy in the flat just above".'

'You wouldn't have anything like this?'

'You've heard of singing telegrams, Miss?
Well, this is a rogering Valentine card '

'Perhaps "the Sexiest Computer Engineer in the World" would like to fix the plug on my iron?'

'Never mind the message, do you recognise the photograph?'

'I don't mind "Love to Blondie who's the girl for me," but what's all this about, "She screws like crazy and gives head free"?'

SCHWARZSTEIN

NOTHING ELSE MEASURES UP TO JOHNNIE WALKER BLACK LABEL

 ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE WESTON

In the harems of ancient Turkey, hundreds of beautiful girls were kept as sex slaves for the sultan's pleasure, guarded by the mutilated eunuchs. But while their masters wallowed in debauchery, the women often ruled the empire

ALL THE SULTAN'S WOMEN

By Peter Congreve

In the fifteenth century, the Turkish Empire was the greatest and most powerful political organisation in the world. It extended north to the gates of Vienna, south to the deserts of Arabia, east to far Persia, and west, across the sands of North Africa, to the frontiers of Spain itself. Yet within four hundred years, this power was utterly destroyed, and the empire was finally whittled down to a third-rate state at the end of the Mediterranean. This great collapse was almost entirely due to the misgovernment – or more often complete lack of government – of the Sultan, the absolute ruler of Turkey, and this misgovernment was due to one factor – the harem system. Nowhere else can that formula so

loved by blue-nosed moralists – that over-indulgence is not good for you – be so triumphantly proclaimed than in the study of Turkish history. Too much pussy may not make a man go blind, but it keeps him away from the business in hand which, in the Sultan's case, was running the country.

Let me throw in a few facts. The Sultan Abdul Aziz, who came to the throne in 1861, and whose tastes were considered moderate by contemporary standards, had 900 concubines guarded by a police force of 3,000 eunuchs. It was said of him that he completely neglected the affairs of state, as well he might. The Venetian ambassador, reporting on an earlier Sultan, Murad III, said that he 'lived on solid meats, thick soups and sheep's marrow and other aphrodisiacs for he lay immersed in lust.' The number of his children by his hordes of concubines is not known for sure, for many did not survive infancy, but when Murad died, he left 47 children which was a rather modest score by the standards of the time. These were the men who were supposed to rule a great empire. With his 900 distractions, all of them pretty, it is easy to see why Abdul Aziz did not get down to signing state papers. Power fell into the hands of the slave girls and the eunuchs who guarded them. These became the real rulers of Turkey.

The *Seraglio*, the Sultan's harem, started from simple beginnings. For the Turks, a nomadic warrior race who took the field every year for a summer's campaigning, it was convenient to leave their women behind whilst they were away. For the poorest soldier, a man who owned nothing except his sword and a coat of mail, his domestic establishment would be nothing more than a couple of girls; for a pasha the harem would run into twenty or thirty. For the Sultan it might be several thousand. The *Grand Seraglio* at Constantinople was a huge place, a town of 5,000 people, a city within a city. In the outer courts the business of government was carried out, but the heart of the place and the reason for its existence was beyond the inner Gate of Felicity, the harem itself, where lived the slave girls and the eunuchs who guarded them.

Perhaps the most bizarre aspect of the harem was the eunuchs. These were obtained from many sources. White eunuchs were mostly war captives and were used in administrative duties. The Chief White Eunuch (the *Kapi Agha*) was the personal confidant of the Sultan, and the Master of Ceremonies of the whole *Seraglio*. Under him were other white eunuchs who controlled the Treasury and supervised the cooking of the Sultan's food.

The black eunuchs were obtained mainly from Abyssinia and the Sudan, others came from the upper reaches of the White Nile and the area to the south-east of Lake Chad. The White Nile negroes were transported down the Nile to Alexandria and then shipped to Constantinople; others would cross the Sahara on foot or by camel to reach the coast at Tripoli or Tunis. Since castration is forbidden by the Koran, the deed had to be done before the slaves reached Constantinople itself, and it was on the journey that the operation was carried out. Usually, both penis and testicles were removed by a single cut of a razor. The wound was cauterized with boiling oil, and the patient was set up to his neck in the warm desert sand to recover, if he could. As often as not he did not recover, and this explains the high price which was charged for the eunuchs who *did* survive when they reached the slave markets of Constantinople. The emotional state of a eunuch can only be guessed, and since so much of the day-to-day running of the Turkish Empire came into the hands of these poor wretches, the decadence, folly and cruelty that were committed over the centuries were only to be expected. Men usually repay cruelty with cruelty. It would be wrong to assume that the eunuch is incapable of affection, and it was the custom of the senior eunuchs to form harems for themselves among the slave girls who had given up all hope of catching the Sultan's eye, and these strange associations seem to have been accepted, or at least tolerated.

Then there were the 'deaf-mutes'. These were men of small size – often dwarfs, though always of considerable strength – who, in addition to castration, had their ear drums pierced and their tongues slit so they could neither hear nor speak. These strange creatures were trained to carry out that peculiarly Turkish mode of execution, strangulation with a silken bow-string, and were entrusted with some of the more delicate and secret intrigues of state. There were always a dozen or so of these sinister creatures guarding the various gates of the *Seraglio*.

Then there were the girls themselves. These came from many sources, and spoke every tongue. They were, of course, all technically-speaking slaves, and the personal property of the Sultan, though as we shall see, some of them wielded enormous power, becoming, in fact, more powerful than any king in Europe. Some were bought outright in the slave markets of Constantinople by the Chief Black Eunuch or one of his staff who could, of course, outbid any private person for a choice specimen. In fact, once it was known that the Sultan was bidding for a girl, the other men stopped bidding; it was the wisest thing to do. Other girls were captured in war in the many raiding expeditions that the Turks made every year; their chastity was carefully preserved until the army got back to Constantinople where the girls would be offered as a 'present' to the Sultan by a pasha wanting quick promotion.

Another constant source of women came from the Barbary Pirates. For 400 or so years, the whole of the Mediterranean was infested by these men operating fast war galleys and preying on the merchant shipping of the European powers. They were Mohammedan, and acknowledged the Sultan as their overlord; one of them, Barbarossa, rose to become Lord High Admiral in the Turkish service. They paid a constant tribute of loot to the Sultan, and perhaps the most important part of the tribute were Christian girls. One such girl was Aimée Dubecq de Rivery. She had spent her early childhood in Martinique, but had been sent to a convent in France to complete her education. On returning to Martinique, she had been captured by Algerian corsairs who had sold her to the

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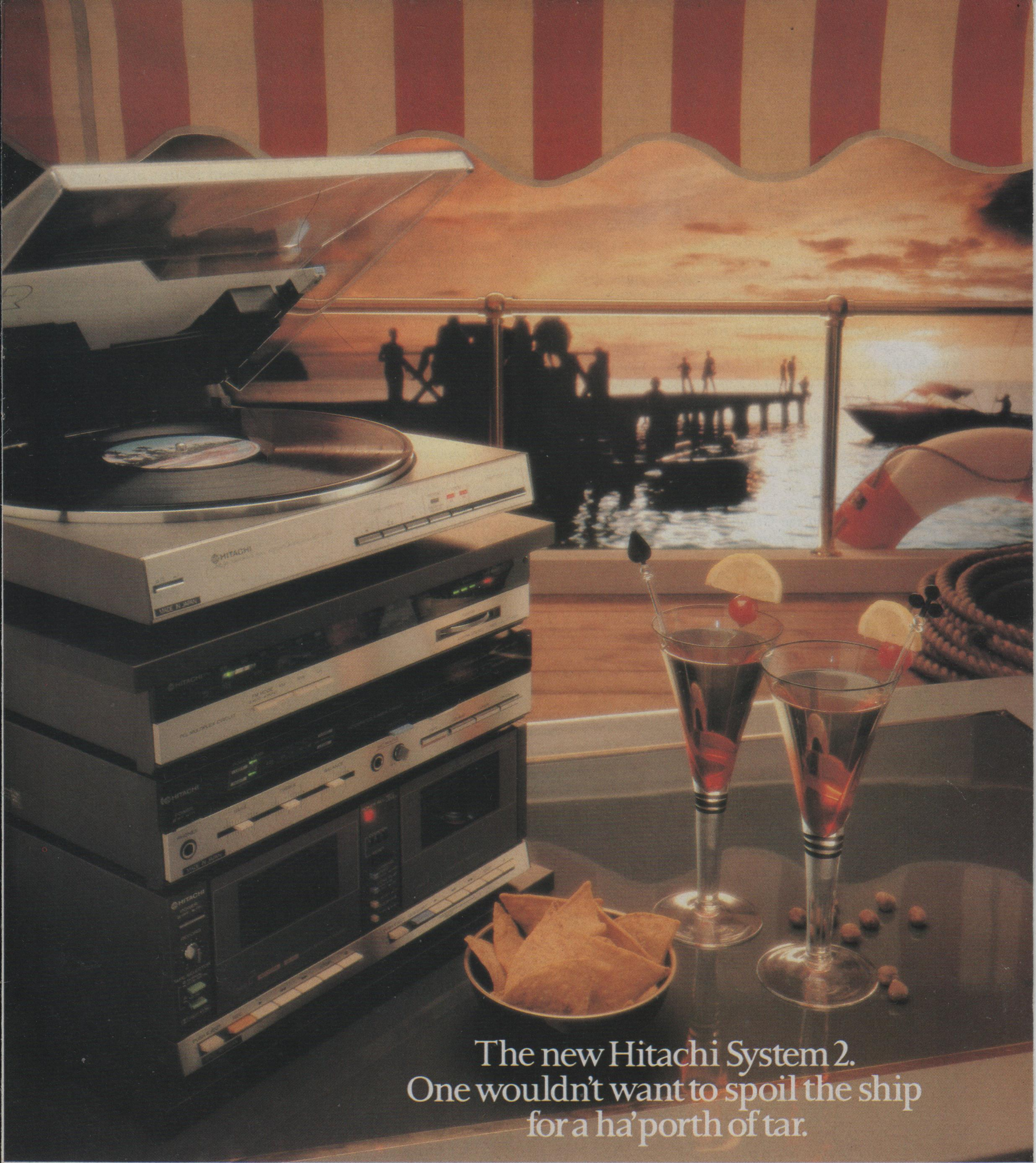
Harem girls in the famous circular painting Le Bain Turc (The Turkish Bath) by Ingres.



WHEN ONE HAS ACQUIRED all those little luxuries that mean so much, one wouldn't want to spoil it all with a hi-fi that's lacking in one respect or another.

Which is why Hitachi have created System 2. The Hitachi System 2 is a little more expensive than most, but then it does have everything you could ever want from a hi-fi.

The record deck is belt driven to speeds set automatically by sensors, and has a repeat facility. The tone arm uses linear tracking, thus playing records the same way as the masters were cut.

There are two cassette decks to make dubbing simplicity itself, and to make it even quicker, the System 2 can dub at double speed, or use the microphone mixing facility to become your own DJ. The System 2 can also use metal tape and record onto it using a choice of Dolby B or C noise reduction systems.

In fact there's so much to the System 2, that to find out all about it, you will have to spend a good few minutes with it. But be reassured, it'll be time and money well spent.

HITACHI
Made with you in mind.

All the Sultan's Women

continued from page 46

Bey of Algiers, who in turn offered her as a present to the Sultan Abdul Hamid I. It must have been a terrible experience for a young innocent girl with no knowledge of the world beyond that supplied by the good nuns of the convent. Her new master, the Sultan, was an elderly man of 59 years. Aimée, however, was a sensible girl, and made the best of a bad job. Within a year she had borne the Sultan a son, and as her influence increased, she gently pushed her elderly lover on the path of reform. When he died, she exerted the same beneficial influence on his son.

Aimée's case was unique in that her influence was wholly for the good. More typical in Turkish history was Roxelana, a Russian girl captured in a raid, who, with a mixture of charm, brains and cold lust for power, won complete domination over her Sultan, Suleiman the Magnificent, and engineered the succession of her own worthless son as the next Sultan. To do this, she made Suleiman kill the heir to the throne, a son by another slave girl, and the Grand Vizier, a competent, honest man, whom she knew to be her enemy.

In entering the *Seraglio*, the young girl would be given into the care of one of the senior women, one of those who had borne the Sultan a child, and who was allowed a retinue of her own. She would be in attendance when the Sultan made one of his periodic visits to the harem, and he would perhaps glance round and seek out a new face. The girl would, of course, do all she could to attract his attention to her, but she would have to compete with hundreds of other girls, equally beautiful and equally avid, all eager to arouse desire in one man, a man who was probably in his fifties or sixties. If she was lucky, the tired old man would glance at her or make some remark, or, more positively, drop his handkerchief in front of her, and this act, trivial in itself, would transform her young life. The Chief Eunuch would be watching his noble master's reactions, and would give his orders.

She would be bathed and scrubbed by her sisters who would publicly congratulate and, no doubt, privately curse her for ruining their own chances. Her nails would be painted, her eyelashes treated with black *kohl*, whilst other girls with razors would remove every trace of bodily hair. The oldest woman present would feed her advice about how to behave in the night ahead. The girl herself would probably be in a complete panic, since this would be the big chance, probably the only chance in her life of making a career for herself.

As night fell, the fortunate girl was escorted by eunuchs along the 'Golden Road', the path that led from quarters of the slave girls to the Sultan's bedroom. He would be already in bed, and probably asleep, but she was allowed to climb in at the foot of the bed, and inch her way upwards.

In the morning, the Sultan would get up to bathe whilst the girl would, as of right, go through his clothes for any money in his pockets. If she was lucky, she would become pregnant. Pregnancy was important, since the ruler of the harem was not the head wife or First *Kadin* (recognised concubine) but the Sultan's mother – the Sultan Valide – for as the Koran says a man may have many wives but he can only have one mother. The power of the Sultan Valide was enormous, and there was a ceaseless war between her and the Sultan's favourite *kadins*. The sultanas or *kadins* had their own hierarchy, and no second sultana (even if she was the Sultan's current favourite), could lord it over the woman who had borne an heir before her.

The government of the Turkish empire thus

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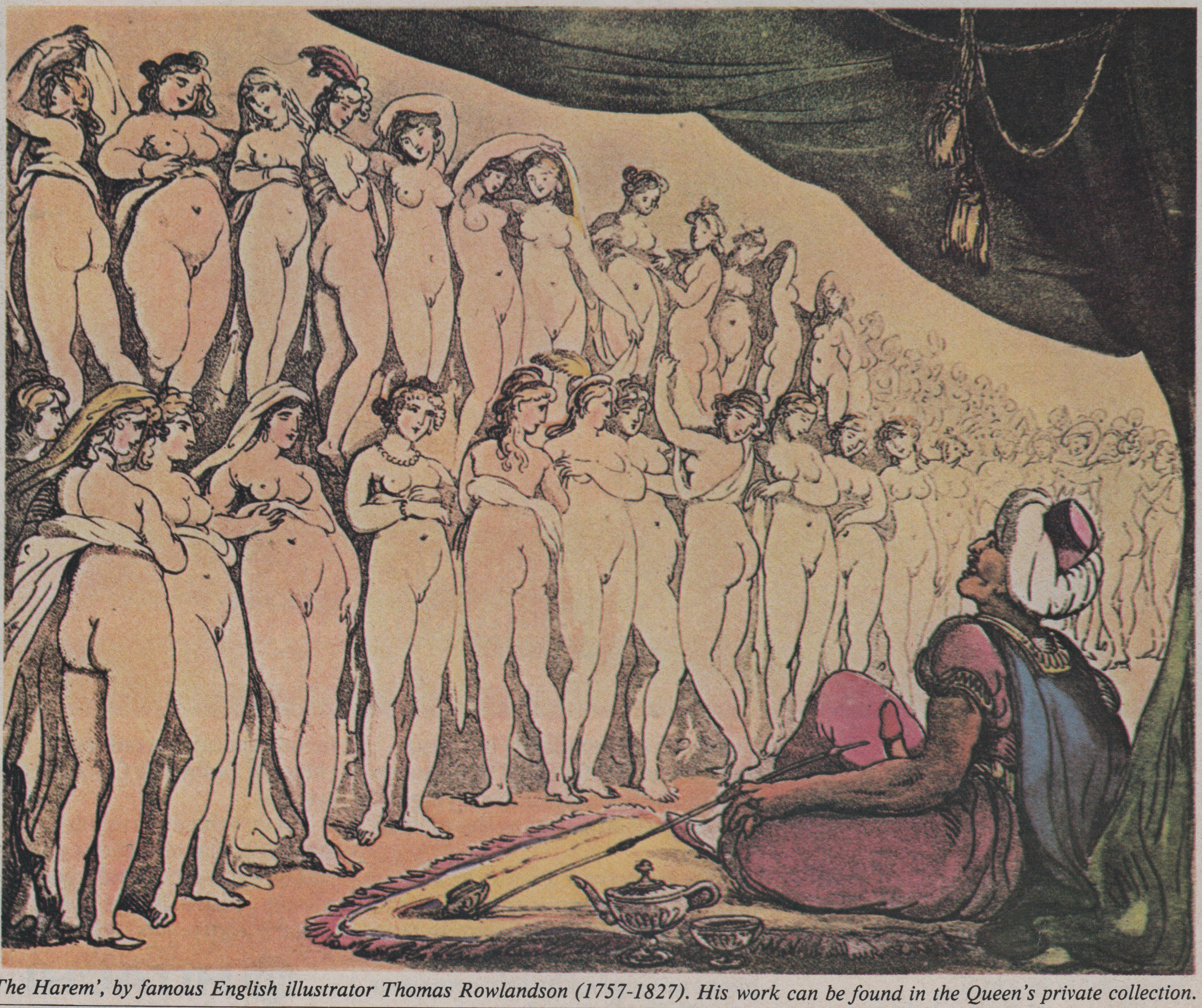
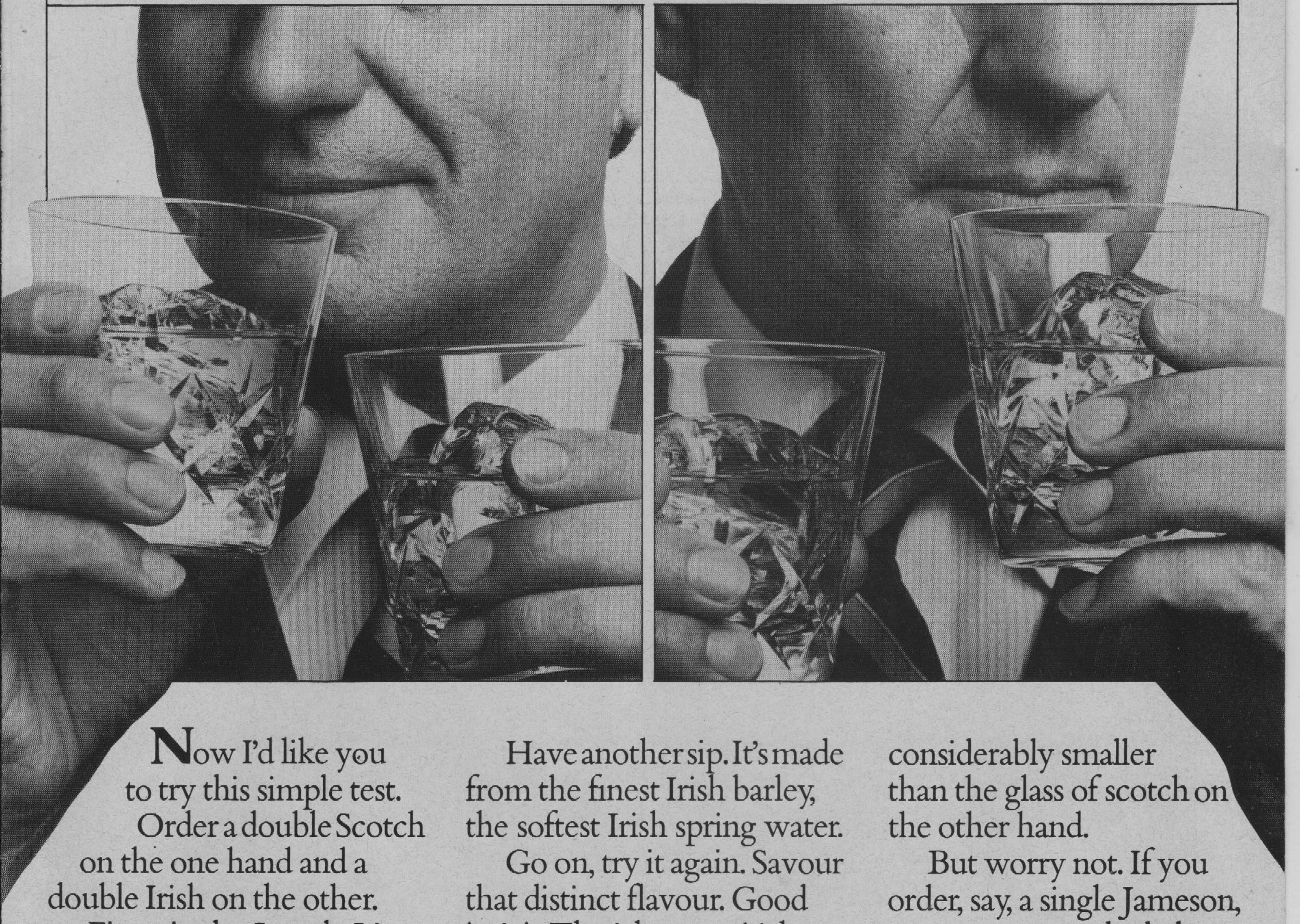


'The Harem', by famous English illustrator Thomas Rowlandson (1757-1827). His work can be found in the Queen's private collection.

Irish on the one hand. Scotch on the other.



Now I'd like you to try this simple test.

Order a double Scotch on the one hand and a double Irish on the other.

First, sip the Scotch. It's okay, isn't it? Of course it is, you've probably drunk nothing else for years!

Now try the Irish. Ah! That surprised you, didn't it? Go on, admit it. You hadn't realised that Jameson Irish Whiskey–because that's what it is–could be quite so smooth, quite so satisfying.

Have another sip. It's made from the finest Irish barley, the softest Irish spring water.

Go on, try it again. Savour that distinct flavour. Good isn't it. That's because it's been distilled three times. Not just the once, or the twice, but three times.

Unbelievable isn't it? You just can't resist taking another sip...and another...and another.

By now, of course, you'll begin to notice that the glass of Irish on the one hand is considerably smaller than the glass of scotch on the other hand.

But worry not. If you order, say, a single Jameson, you can restore the balance.

And start this simple test all over again.

JAMESON

EST'D 1780

IRISH WHISKEY

You'll never know until you've tried it.

Elizabeth

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER

With the British weather as chilly as ever, and spring still around several corners, many of us are looking wistfully at holiday brochures. But not 23-year-old Elizabeth Jackson. For her life is one long holiday, albeit somebody else's. Elizabeth is a travel courier, and her 34-24-36 figure is more commonly hidden under the smart uniform of her holiday company. Because of her job, tracking her down even for the centre pages of *Mayfair* wasn't easy. We eventually caught up with her in a house in Denmark, where she was helping a three week tour of Scandinavia run smoothly. After that she was heading for the slopes of Norway overseeing a ski-ing holiday. So there isn't much chance of her seeing her Guildford home for a few weeks. 'I do miss England now and again,' sighed Elizabeth. 'Especially fish and chips and English beer.' Nor does she get much chance to practise her other hobby at home, pottery. 'It's not the sort of thing you can take with you. I can't wait to get back to my clay and potter's wheel,' she said.

Despite her occasional bouts of homesickness, Elizabeth does enjoy travelling. In last year alone, she went to Italy, Greece, Spain and Yugoslavia, and this summer hopes to wind up in India, if only for the food. 'I love a hot curry,' she said licking her lips. Elizabeth is less enthusiastic about Spain though, where she spent a good deal of last summer. But then she could be biased. 'We had a terrible time there,' she recalled. 'Half the people were double booked, and I spent all my time running around trying to find them some alternative accommodation. It was dreadful! But that was nothing compared to what befell one couple on the Costa Brava.'

'It was the couple's honeymoon,' remembered Elizabeth, 'and they weren't there for the sun.' She booked them into the best suite, and they retired almost as soon as they arrived. 'Unfortunately, the road menders outside decided that this week was the week they would dig up the water mains,' she told us. 'The noise must have been awful. The husband went out onto the balcony to complain – wearing just a pair of skimpy pants, and the door slammed shut behind him. Then guess what? It jammed.' She recoiled in horror as it came back to mind. 'It took three of us to open it again.' It's not surprising that this year she hopes to be sent to the Far East.

But does Elizabeth have a regular boyfriend herself? 'You must be joking,' she exclaimed. 'In my job it's impossible, but I do have lots of men friends.' A man in every port, perhaps? 'Not quite, but some ports are more interesting than others,' and she smiled knowingly. 'My favourite men are tall with Latin looks and an English temperament, but I don't know anyone that idyllic,' she says. And with that she said she had to get back to work. 'One of the guests has left his suitcase back in Copenhagen. I'll have to dash off.'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/
ELIZABETH JACKSON

It has one thing

We've discovered that the Fisher 615 VHS video has quite a lot of character for being so small and compact.

When we told the Fisher video that other machines have the same facility for recording up to 4 hours on an E-240 cassette, it didn't react.

And when informed that someone else had a similar 9 function wired remote control, the Fisher wasn't moved in the slightest.

Nor did it seem particularly upset at the thought of yet another video having similar picture search functions like cue and review.

"You're not the only one with a 9 day/1 programme timer," we said. The Fisher seemed unconcerned.

Recording and playback of material may require consent. See Copyright Act 1956 and the Performers Protection Act 1958-1972.

the others don't.

It didn't even wince when it heard that another make had soft touch controls.

"Somebody else has a 4 digit electronic tape counter with memory step function as well as you" we shouted. No reaction. Trying to shake the confidence of this Fisher was proving impossible.

Because it has one thing that no one else has: the Fisher name. A name that stands for precision. A name that's built a reputation on quality and reliability.

When you've got a name like Fisher, you've got it all.

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For further information contact Fisher Sales, Unit 1-4, Walter Lawrence Estate, Otterspool Way, Watford, Herts. WD2 8HL. Tel: 0923 31974.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDREW MORLAND

Fifty years ago, the English Racing Automobile was designed to challenge the supremacy of cars like Bugatti and Mercedes Benz on the Grand Prix track. Today, practically all the ERAs survive and are raced with equal enthusiasm

English Racing Antiques

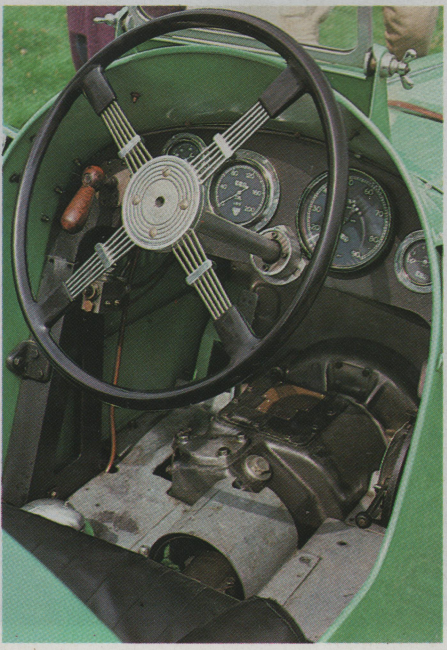
Motoring with William Boddy

The initials ERA stand for 'English Racing Automobile'. The idea was conceived by that great racing driver, the late Raymond Mays, who was anxious, in the heyday of pre-Hitler motor racing, to see Britain take a more effective part in International road-racing. Mays knew that it would be too costly and complicated for this country to build full Grand Prix cars to compete against the might of Maserati, Alfa Romeo, Bugatti and the extremely powerful, lightweight Mercedes-Benz and Auto-Union. But there was the popular second-string light-car or *voiturette* racing, which had a good international reputation. Mays saw that here we might well stand a good chance of success and fame, if the right kind of $1\frac{1}{2}$-litre racing single-seater could be run in such contests. An ex-Cambridge undergraduate who had made motor racing his life, with notable victories in Hillmans, Bugattis, Vauxhalls

Events like the Prescott Hill Climb provide an ideal opportunity for ERA owners to show off their cars. Above and top left: Hamish Moffat's 2-litre ERA R3A, one of the earliest models, originally owned by Raymond Mays and raced, highly successfully in 1935. Bottom left: ERA R14B, another 2-litre, this time from 1937, owned by Donald Day. Raced by Bob Gerrard in the forties, it was then one of the top Grand Prix cars. Centre pictures: Two views of the Spollon family's 2-litre ERA R8C, built for Earl Howe to race in 1936.

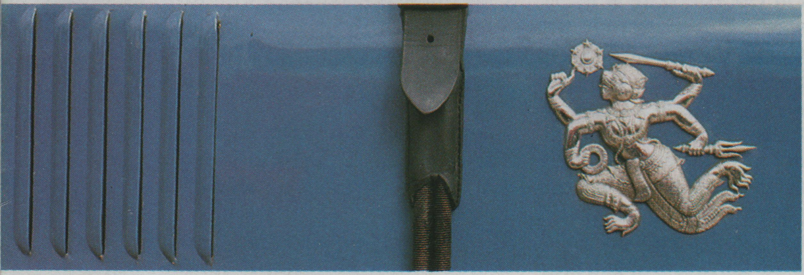
amongst others, Mays knew what was wanted to achieve his ambition. First, finance. This he was guaranteed by Humphrey Cook, himself a keen racing motorist, who had started at Brooklands in the dark ages with a gigantic Isotta-Fraschini, and had later run Vauxhalls and other cars with great success. Next, a suitable engine was needed. Mays recognised, in the power unit of the supercharged White Riley Six he had been campaigning, just what was needed. For here was a powerful but not too expensive motor of well-known quality. Then, a chassis. To get this Raymond Mays contracted the great engineer Reid A Railton, of Brooklands, to design what was required to take the blown ex-Riley ERA engine. Railton went for a simple, unexpectedly high, channel section frame sprung on half elliptic leaf springs, with a normal I-section front axle. When all these components were brought together, and a racing body with the fuel tank in the pointed tail designed, there was the new ERA.

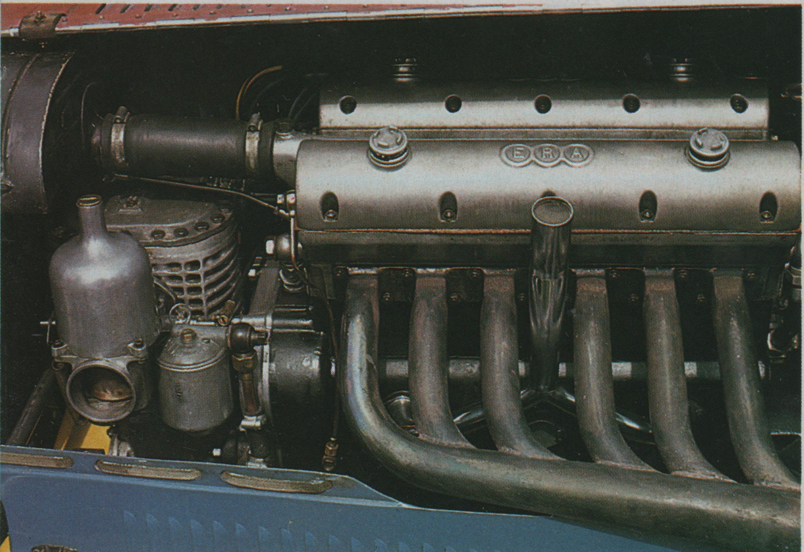
Although the ageing Humphrey Cook and the expert driver Mays themselves competed with ERAs, the ploy was to manufacture the cars for sale from their workshop at Bourne

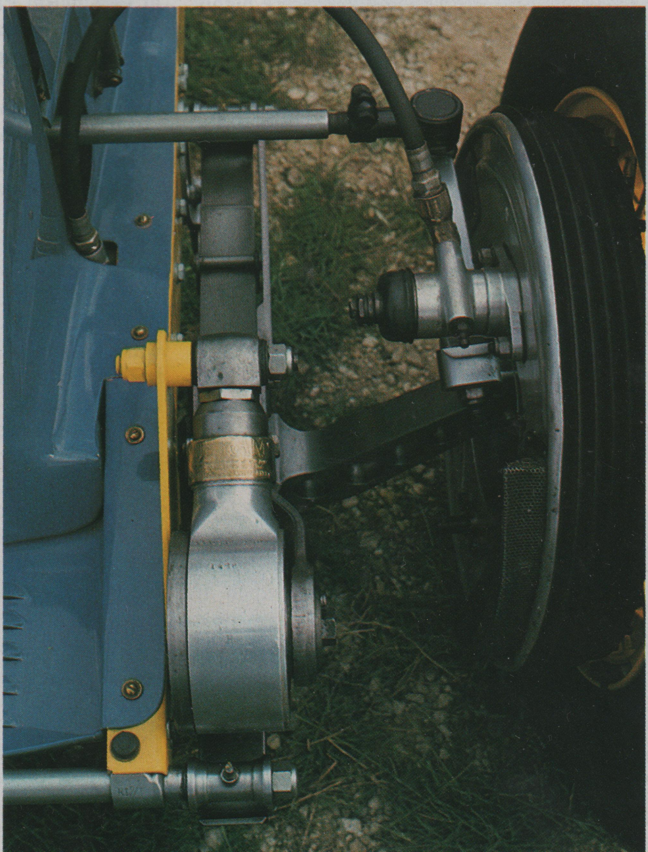


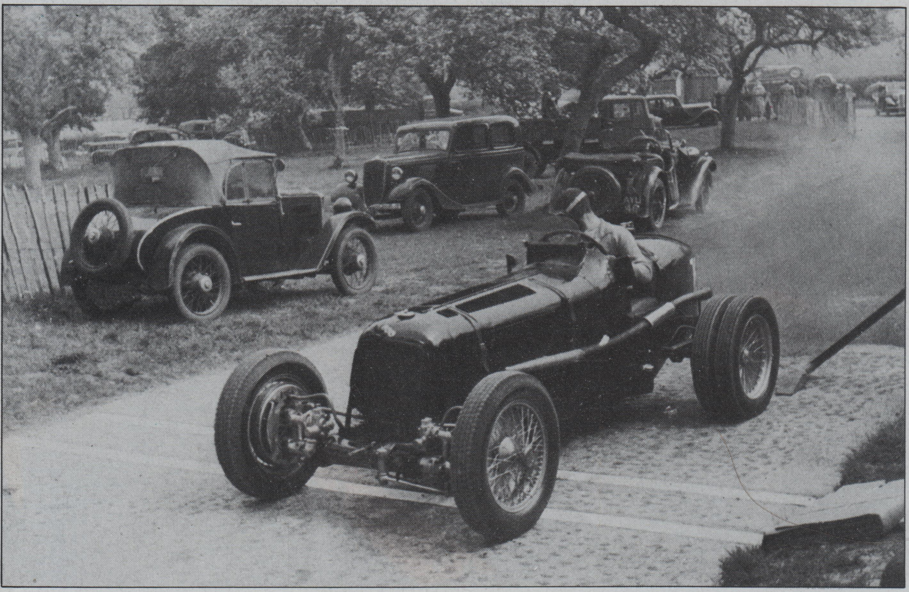
Large picture: One of the Siamese racing team, originally owned by Princes Bira and Chula, this B-type ERA R12 is now the proud possession of Bill Morris. Called 'Hanuman,' it was built in 1936, but still races in Siamese colours, and can be distinguished by the god symbol (pictured below it, centre). Bottom far and near right: Detail of the B-type's axle and $1\frac{1}{2}$-litre engine. Above: Martin Chapman's 1938 2-litre B-type RS1 in action and in the pits, plus a close-up of its tiny cockpit. Top left: ERA R11 being driven at Oulton Park by Martin Morris.

ERA




ERA





Raymond Mays in his black 2-litre ERA R4D making an early record attempt at Prescott.

in Lincolnshire. Light green was chosen as their colour, but some private owners had their ERAs done in their own livery. Dick Seaman, who was soon to have the top honour of being the only British driver in the impressive Mercedes-Benz pre-war Grand Prix team, liked his all black, a finish Mays later adopted for his very famous sprint 3-litre Zoller-supercharged R4D ERA.

Three engine sizes were offered, a 1,100 cc power unit for those with ideas of taking light-car honours, the generally-used $1\frac{1}{2}$-litre engine eligible for the prevailing *voiturette* racing, and a 2-litre motor for those who wanted maximum performance. The prices of these three varied by only a few hundred pounds, and you could have the top model for less than £2,000. ERA Ltd had been formed in November 1933. By 1934 the new venture was set to go, and very well it did. These high-set, trim racing cars were highly attractive and the power of the comparatively simple Riley Six engine was boosted by the use of a Murray-Jamieson Rootes-type supercharger. The Wilson self-change gearbox even gave the driver of an ERA the opportunity of making rapid gear shifts without moving his hands from the steering-wheel.

After Cook had won a short race at Brooklands in his 1,090 cc ERA, and he and Mays had taken some international standing-start short-distance records with this and a 1,488 cc ERA, the customers began to line up at Bourne for their cars. They were to embrace some of the most famous names in motor-racing at that time; Earl Howe, for instance, later to crash his ERA badly on the Brooklands' Campbell circuit and Prince Bira, whose cousin Prince Chula bought him the twin ERAs, *Romulus* and *Remus*, and later *Hanuman*, their blue paintwork matching the colour of a dance frock of one of the young Siamese prince's girl friends, from which he had torn a piece as they danced. The great and skilled Dick Seaman was also among the ERA drivers. Although Dick, becoming disenchanted with the lack of servicing done for him by the factory, changed his ERA for a ten-year-old Grand Prix Delage.

Amazingly, nearly all the cars built before the war still exist today. Moreover, most of them are raced as keenly as ever, so that you can still enjoy the sight, characteristic sound, and scent of an ERA. Of course, along the years many parts of these highly-stressed small racing cars have developed fatigue and broken, the crankshafts being the first to go. But a staunch ERA Club, which is a knowledgeable, close-knit organisation of active owners (as well as of enthusiastic supporters), makes new bits and pieces, and lends them around, in order to maintain full starting grids.

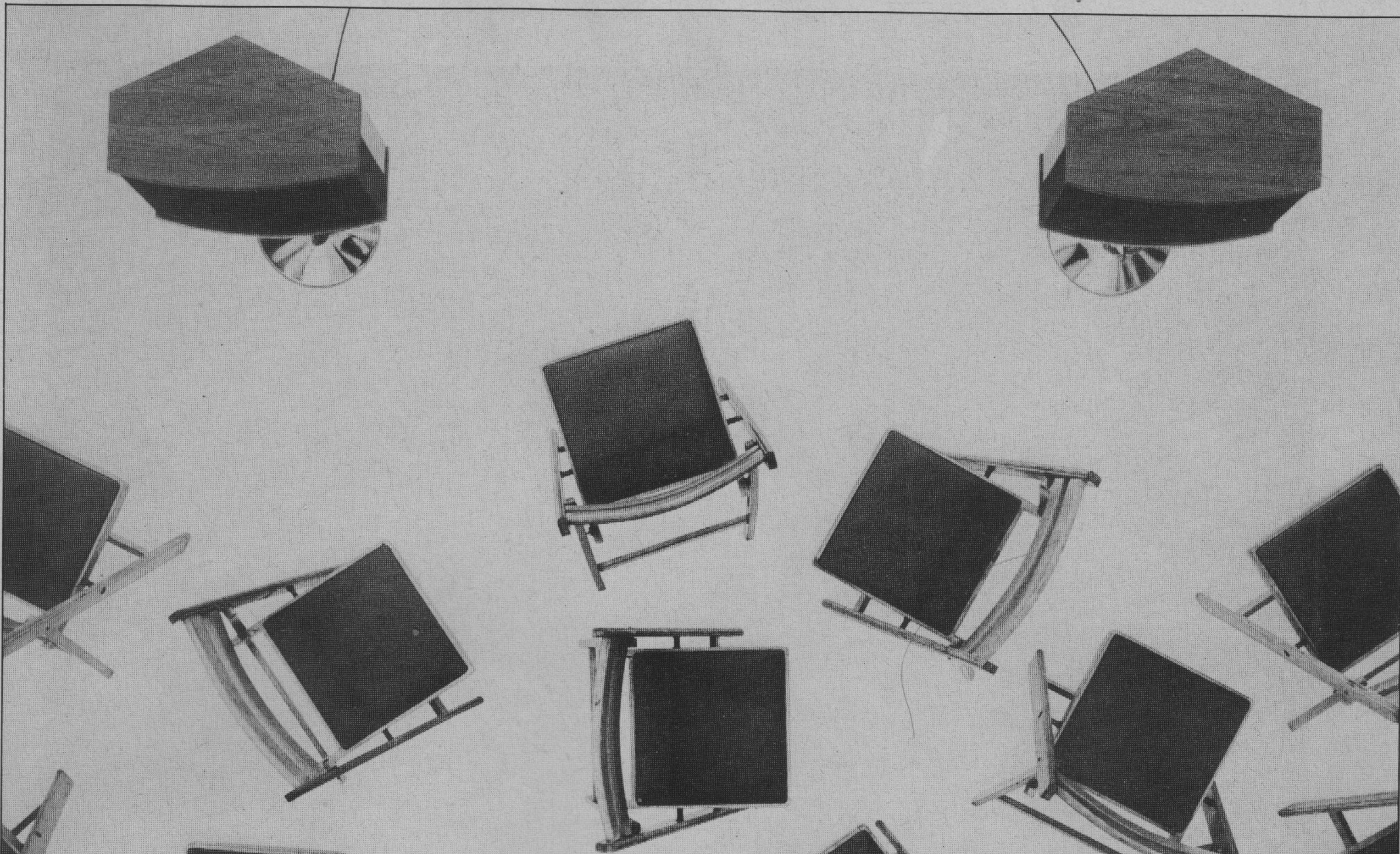
The pedigree of the remaining ERAs is very genuine. Space prevents a full list of all the significant race victories and hill-climb and speed-trial successes they achieved in their hey-day, for it is a very long list indeed. The first important ERA success came in 1934 when Mays won the Nuffield Trophy Race at Donington Park in Leicestershire at 61.51 mph. This speed was the average over the twisty road-type course, for the early ERA was capable of some 135 mph in top gear and 100 mph or so in third gear. After Pat Fairfield had won the 1935 Isle of Man Mannin Beg race in his 1,100 cc ERA, and Raymond Mays the Eifelrennen race in Germany in a $1\frac{1}{2}$-litre ERA, with the ERAs of Tim Rose-Richards, Dick Seaman, and Humphrey Cook in the third, fourth and fifth places, success for English Racing Automobiles was assured. By the time another war intervened Raymond Mays was king of the hill-climb and sprint courses with his formidable black 2-litre ERA. He held the all-time lap-records for the Brooklands Mountain course (so named because it ran round the natural hill at Weybridge, giving two tricky corners in a short lap) in the $1\frac{1}{2}$-litre and 2-litre classes at 81.28 mph and 84.31 mph respectively.

Development had progressed from the first A-type ERAs, which gave 150 hp, and ran up to 6,500 rpm, through the B-type, to the more sophisticated C-type ERA which developed 240 hp to the driving wheels, which were shod with 6.50×16 Dunlop tyres. Outwardly the appearance was much the same on all these models, so an ERA is easily recognisable. But speed had increased to 145 mph and torsion bar independent front suspension had been adopted. If war had not come, great plans were afoot for the final E-type ERA, with a smooth and modern body, a true miniature Grand Prix racer for which the truly competitive top speed of 170 mph was anticipated, with 260 hp being delivered to the back wheels.

All this is now 'old-hat' to those who are fans for modern FI racing. But as I have said, and would like to emphasise, the truly remarkable aspect of this ERA story is that so many of these cars are fit and well and raced today.

ERA RIA, the first built, which saw that first important race victory when Mays won the 1934 Nuffield Trophy in it, is owned now by Tony Merrick. The original Cook car, belongs today to motor trader Brian Classic. The first 'works' 2-litre, R3A, has been campaigned in recent Vintage and Historic races by Hamish Moffatt. The first customer's ERA, R4A sold to Pat Fairfield, now has Sir John Venables-Llewelyn as its aristocratic owner and driver. We then come to the first of the B-types, the famous black Seaman car, raced in original order by the very keen Patrick Marsh. R2B is the immortal *Romulus*, in the care of Princess Chakrabongse (Mrs Levi), daughter of Prince Chula Chakrabongse who bought it originally for Bira. Bill Morris occasionally races it for her on high days and holidays, in suitable events. R3B has admittedly disappeared, but the very, very famous ex-Mays' R4D, after a long racing career, now appears driven by Willie Green for Anthony Bamford. Moreover, the almost equally famous R5B *Remus*, the other Bira car, is raced very quickly indeed these days by the Hon Patrick Lindsay, Christie's art expert and auctioneer. It now has a 2-litre engine, which several of the other $1\frac{1}{2}$-litre ERAs have acquired since the blitz.

Cheerful Syd Day copes with R6B; the once white Arthur Dobson $1\frac{1}{2}$-litre R7B is now garage-owner Dudley Gahagan's red 2-litre. Birmingham-businessman Bruce Spollon cares for and races ERA R8B/C, Peter Mann the ex-Scribbans R9B, and the Pink Floyd pop-group's Nick Mason 'dices' in RIOB, once raced with notable abandon by Peter Whitehead. Even now the list of active ERAs is not exhausted. For instance, RIIB must certainly not be overlooked, being one of the real challenges to the flying Lindsay. Driven competently by its present owner Martin Morris, it's a 2-litre car now, which was raced in its earlier days by Reggie Tongue (who married Seaman's young widow, after Dick's racing accident at Spa) and by the Hon Peter Aitken, before Ken Wharton campaigned it. And there is the sister car to *Romulus*, the B-type rebuilt as a C-type for Prince Chula, raced (and crashed) by Prince Bira, and now owned by the aforesaid great ERA exponent Bill Morris. Donald Day copes with mechanical naughtinesses in R14B and Gordon Chapman even has what there is of GP1 and GP2, an astonishing survival rate. That was the state of play as I write. Thanks in great part to the ERA Club who are doing such a great job in preserving this exclusive make.



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WALL TO WALL SOUND

Mommie Barest

**Find of the century!
Joan Crawford's
lost X-rated photos uncovered!**

In 1923 she was just Lucille LeSueur, an ordinary girl and not even particularly pretty. But within a few years the Hollywood dream factory had transformed her into a superstar – Joan Crawford, screen goddess, whose name could be seen up in lights throughout the world.

During her fifty-year career as an actress she appeared in over 80 films. Her performance in *Mildred Pierce* earned her the 1945 Academy Award for Best Actress. And other well-known Crawford films were *The Women*, *Strange Cargo*, *Humoresque* and *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane*. Her first husband was Douglas Fairbanks Jr, and in between her other three marriages she had affairs with Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy.

In the process of transforming her from raw flesh to divinity, her real history was shunned in favour of the usual Hollywood biography. But in these long-buried pictures the legend is stripped bare in more ways than one, though in her eyes you can still see the energy and burning ambition which were destined to drive her through five decades of stardom.

Nowadays in this age of technical wizardry and zoom lenses we are used to seeing the parts the stars don't want us to reach, even if they aren't showing them off in their latest film, but the screen idols from Joan Crawford's era seem removed from

all that – remote and untouchable. The big Hollywood studios made sure that their hot properties were protected, elevated, and presented to the public as more than mortal. No star worked harder at maintaining this extra-human public image than Joan Crawford. Every promotional appearance, each donation to charity, every marriage and child adoption seemed to be an orchestrated career move, specially designed to appeal to the numerous movie fan mags. But ironically, no-one has suffered more from the 'cutting them down to size' process.

So Joan Crawford, Academy Award winner, one of the figure heads of Metro Goldwyn glamour, retains her status as a legend, but now it is the legend of a two-faced harpy, a highly unstable parent. And these incredible photos will do nothing to stem the tarnishing of her stardom. They are evidence of yet another skeleton in her cupboard, something gossiped about but never proven. Rumour had it that Crawford's past was unsavoury – prostitution, some said, while others whispered about a career in blue movies, the existence of stag reels, full nudity and explicit sex shots. Sceptics and fans asked for evidence, but none was ever found – until now.

It was believed a perfect cover-up job

JOAN CRAWFORD

had been perpetrated; Louis B Mayer hunted down, bought and destroyed every last shocking image of his contract gold-mine. If such a cover-up took place, it was an incredible challenge, and took the might of Mayer to manage. But he did not quite pull it off – here are two photos that got away. They first came to light a few months ago in New Jersey, USA, when a man came into possession of his father's photographic collection. The prints were faded, and a few were stained, but otherwise they had weathered the 60 years quite well.

According to the son, his father had been aware since the early thirties that his collection included a now-famous film star, but fear of legal action made him wary of any attempt to publicise them. The Crawford photos remained in the album along with the other flashing flappers. While her career peaked and gradually declined to horror films and TV appearances, the photos gathered dust in an attic. When the photos were first brought to light they were greeted by a good deal of scepticism. But now we have no doubt that they show the genuine young Joan Crawford as her fans have never seen her.

The shots of her from this period, or shortly afterwards at the start of her Hollywood career, are incontestably similar in hairstyle, make-up, facial expression. And there is no mistaking those eyes. We have also explored the possibility that the shots were superimposed. But the shadow outlining the figure in one shot makes this very unlikely. In the second shot the line creasing her front is a watermark staining both sides of the original print. Again, there is no evidence of superimposition. If the face in the photos is Joan Crawford's, then the entire unclothed body is hers too.

The authenticity of the pictures has since been verified by some of the top collectors and auction houses in New York. That Joan Crawford posed for explicit photos some time before her Hollywood career began is now very evident. But the particular circumstances surrounding the taking of the photographs, and the depths of Miss Crawford's involvement in such activities is, of course, the fascinating mystery that will never be solved.

All the Sultan's Women

continued from page 48

fell into the hands of illiterate slave girls and degenerate eunuchs. They were able to seize power because the Sultan, their titular head, was usually a worthless, often mentally unstable man, and for this we have to blame the 'Cage' System. The Cage System was inaugurated to ensure a bloodless succession to the throne. With so many women to produce children, a Sultan would often have a large number of sons, and to prevent civil war, it was the lawful custom for the most powerful son (or the first one to get his hands on the machinery of power), to exterminate all his rivals. Later, this wholesale murder was replaced by the 'Cage'. Heirs to the throne, as soon as they could leave their mothers, were kept locked up in *Kafes* or cages – actually small two-storeyed buildings with a small courtyard. Forty or fifty years later, the door might be unlocked and the poor wretch placed on the throne as the new Sultan. It was not the best training for a man expected to rule, and it was little wonder that the line of Sultans, after Suleiman the Magnificent, were almost without exception such a sorry lot.

The behaviour of most of the Sultans makes frightening reading. When a man has power of life and death over every other man; when he has absolute sexual power over several thousand women, and when he has spent his early manhood locked in a room for 20 or 30 years, then terrible things are done by him. One of the Sultan's titles was 'the blood drinker', and he had the absolute right to kill ten men a day out of hand, and at his complete caprice. For more than ten he had, in theory at least, to find a reason, however flimsy, but this, in fact, did little to restrain him.

Take Selim, Suleiman's successsor and Roxelana's son, known to posterity as 'The Sot' because he was always drunk. His favourite tipple was Cyprus wine, and when supplies dried up, he went to war to capture Cyprus just to be sure of getting it. It was the only war this Sultan ever took an interest in, and it was long and brutal. When Nicosia fell, 30,000 of the inhabitants were massacred, and when the main fortress, Famagusta, gave in after withstanding a two-year siege, the remnants of the garrison were sent to the galleys and Bragadino, the Venetian general, was flayed alive. His skin, stuffed with straw, was paraded round the battlements, and then sent back to Selim who wanted to see the man who had done so much to interfere with his drinking habits. Selim died as he had lived, through too much drink, slipping while getting into his bath after downing a bottle of wine, and striking his head on the floor.

Selim's son was proclaimed Sultan Murad III and, like his father, was a nonentity. His chief interest was his harem, and he produced 103 children though many did not survive infancy. When he died in 1595, he left 20 sons and 27 daughters, whilst seven of his concubines were pregnant. The new Sultan, Mahomet III, acted swiftly, having his 19 brothers killed off by the usual Turkish method – strangulation with a silken bowstring. The deaf-mutes were working overtime. The seven pregnant widows were tied up in sacks and dropped in the Bosphorus. This was the last of the sanctified mass murders at the Ottoman court. From then on, spare sons were sent to a living death in the Cage. Mahomet was succeeded by Ahmed, and Ahmed by Mustafa. Mustafa had spent ten years in the Cage and, as a result, was completely demented. He was soon back in the Cage and was replaced by his nephew, Osman, who was even madder. He was soon killed, however, and the unfortunate Mustafa was put back on the throne to try again at being Sultan. He lasted a little more than a year before the bow-string was put round his neck and Murad IV came to the throne.

Murad was not a weak Sultan, or at least, if he had a weakness it was that of cruelty. A man of enormous strength, he executed 25,000 subjects, often with his own hands. His successor, Ibrahim, was 24 when he came to the throne, had been in the Cage since he was two, and proved one of the most debauched of the Sultans. When a rumour (probably untrue) started in the harem that one of the girls was obtaining illicit pleasures, his fury knew no bounds. Unable to find the culprit, he decided to kill his entire harem, all 280 of them. The girls were tied up in sacks, weighted with stones, and taken out in boats to the Bosphorous where they were thrown over the side. A few weeks later, a professional diver, going down to inspect a wreck where the girls had been drowned, saw a terrible sight, hundreds of bowing sacks, each containing the body of a dead girl, standing upright on the weighted end, and swaying to and fro with the current. The dead girls' long hair had escaped from the neck of the sack, and floated in the current like strange seaweed. The diver came up quicker than he went down.

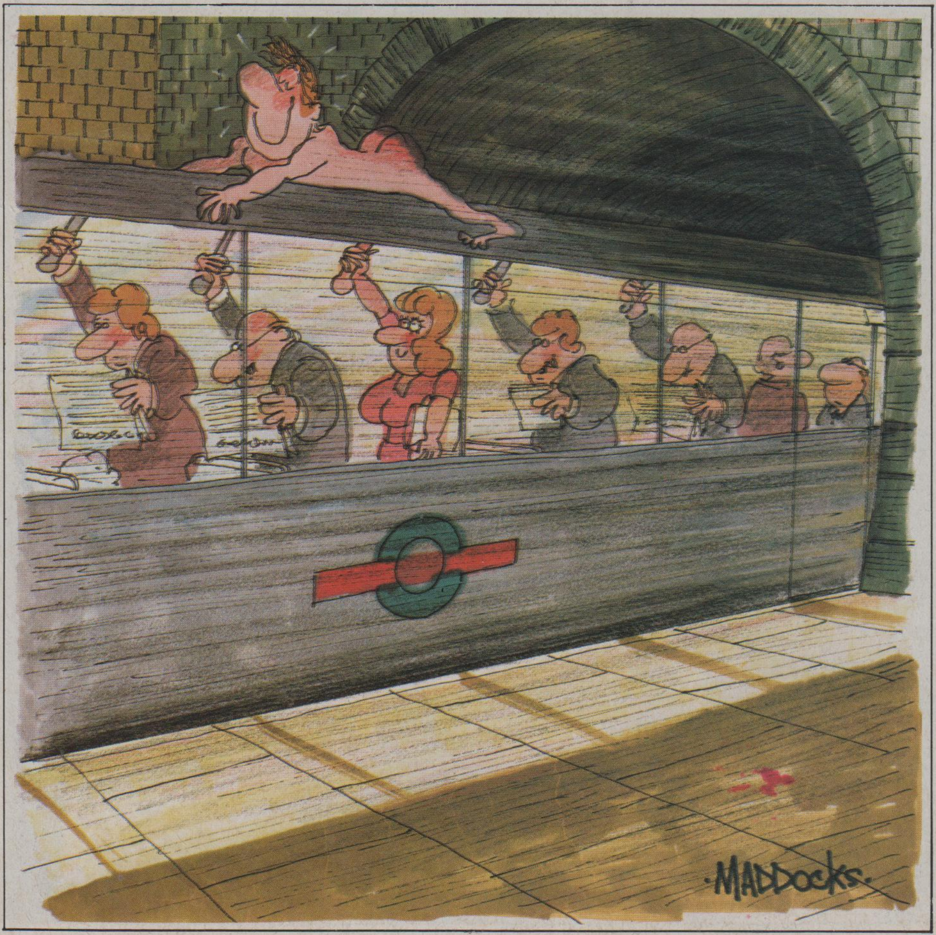
Ibrahim was finally deposed, and met his death at the hands of a man he had wronged years ago. This man, a Mufti, that is a religious leader, had a daughter who Ibrahim had lusted after. The Sultan had the pick of the slave markets, but this girl who was beyond his reach had a fatal fascination for him – perhaps *because* she was beyond his reach. Ibrahim was used to getting his way, and had the girl abducted. When he had finished with her, the Sultan sent her back to her father who vowed revenge. Ibrahim was sent back to the Cage, but that was not enough for the Mufti, and within a few days, the deaf-mutes arrived.

His mother Kiusem, the real power in the land, and a person as detestable as her son, met her death later. Not for her the ceremonious strangulation with a silken-bow string. Fleeing from her assassins, she was finally found hiding under a pile of dirty linen in an obscure corner of the harem. The ugly old woman was dragged out, her jewellery stripped off, and her clothing torn away. She was dragged away, fighting and screaming to the last, until she was strangled with a curtain cord.

More Sultans came and went. The country was now in a terrible condition, and the vice and cruelty of the Sultans were to be seen everywhere. Bocaretto, an Italian travelling round Turkey in the eighteenth century, wrote of Constantinople:

'Every day there is some fresh tragedy. The

turn to page 78



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

One reader has told us of the best value in town. She's a feminist call girl who insists on paying half.

A dinner party was being held to celebrate the 25th wedding anniversary of notoriously miserly Lord and Lady Pennypinch. As the pudding was being served, one of the men at the party dropped his fork, and in retrieving it, saw to his surprise that his wife wasn't wearing any knickers. At a discreet moment, he asked her why she had left them off.
'I've run out of housekeeping,' she replied, 'and I can't afford any.'
'Oh, I see. Look, here's £10, buy yourself some tomorrow.'
A little later on, another of the men dropped something, this time a napkin, and noticed his wife wasn't wearing knickers either. Again, he asked her why, and she replied that it was because she had also run out of housekeeping. So he gave her £10 towards the cost of new ones.
Then as the coffee arrived, Lord Pennypinch accidentally knocked his teaspoon onto the floor, and bent down to pick it up. To his absolute amazement he discovered that his wife was also minus her panties.
'Good God, woman, why aren't you wearing any knickers,' spluttered his lordship.
'Rodney, darling, because the money you give me just isn't enough,' she replied.
'Well take this,' said the grumpy lord, handing her a comb, 'and at least tidy yourself up a bit.'

A new cocktail has just hit the bars in town, and should prove ideal for a shy girlfriend. It's called 'Sheriff's Delight'; two glasses of that and she'll show you her posse.

Jane is so stupid she thinks she's a robot because she was made by a scientist.

The over-confident young telephone salesman found himself speaking to a delightfully sexy female voice. In a few moments, he was ingratiating himself with her, flattering her all the time. He reckoned that he was doing fine. He had established she was 23-years-old with a 37-23-36 figure and long blonde hair. So he decided to take it a stage further.
'Listen, darling,' he said confidently, 'if you can guess what I'm holding in my hand at this moment, I'll come over to your place and show it to you.'
'My dear man,' came back the cool sophisticated voice, 'if you can hold it in one hand, don't bother.'

A man walked into the doctor's office with an embarrassing complaint.
'Doctor, you've got to help me,' he demanded.
'Why what's the matter?'
'It's my tackle,' he replied, dropping his trousers for the doctor to examine him. As he pulled down his Y-fronts, to the doctor's amazement the top of his member dropped off.
'There, see what I mean?' said the man with exasperation.
'That is serious,' commented the doctor. 'I think you'll have to see a specialist.'
So the man put the top of his member in his pocket, and set off for the hospital. After a short wait, he was ushered in to see the specialist, and once again dropped his trousers.
'Good God,' exclaimed the specialist, 'where is the rest of it.'
'Here,' replied the young man, and reached into his pocket.
'But, that's a walnut whip!' cried the doctor.
'No, don't be silly,' said the young man, 'I ate that on the bus coming here.'

An example of Australian foreplay:
'Hey, Sheila, you awake?'

What do you call a school prefect with sore knees?
Head girl.

A fire broke out at night in a large hotel, and the frightened guests ran out, covering themselves with anything they could find. Mary was in such a rush that she dashed out in the nude, and in her fear, kept on running and running until she was exhausted. When she had calmed down, she realised that she would have to get a lift back to town, and sat waiting for a car to pass. Eventually a man on a bicycle came along, and he offered her a ride on the cross-bar back to town. They rode for some distance in silence, until Mary finally said, 'You're not very observant are you? Can't you see I'm not wearing any clothes?'
'You think I'm unobservant?' replied the old man. 'You haven't even noticed that this is a girl's bike.'

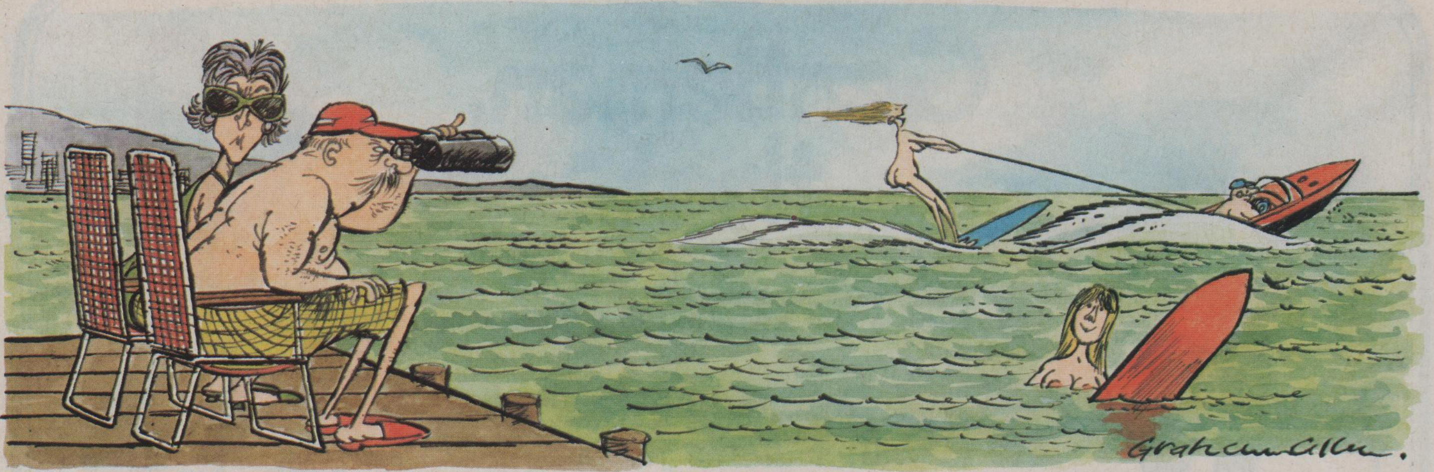
How many fish can you get into a pair of tights?
Two soles, two eels and a wet plaice.

There once was a duchess in Bruges
Whose quim was incredibly huge.
Said the King to this dame,
As he thunderously came;
'Mon Dieu! Apres moi, le deluge!'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM ALLEN

Nude waterskiers have upset homeowners in Miami, Florida . . .



Since Ancient Greece going nude in public has been fraught with dangers. Today it is once more becoming acceptable. But female clerks in France still face the sack if they go topless, and in Italy nudity is a crime, unless you are young, beautiful – and female

Nudes of the World

By Bill Lythgoe

Most readers of this magazine would agree with the Ancient Greek philosopher Plato. On the subject of nudity I mean. He said, 'When experience showed that it was better to strip than to cover the body, what the eye thought was ridiculous was overwhelmed by what logic declared to be the best.'

Logic triumphed in the Ancient World. In Sparta, according to Plutarch, 'the girls stripped for processions, dances and choruses at the temples, with the youths present as spectators. This stripping of the maidens involved no shame,' he adds.

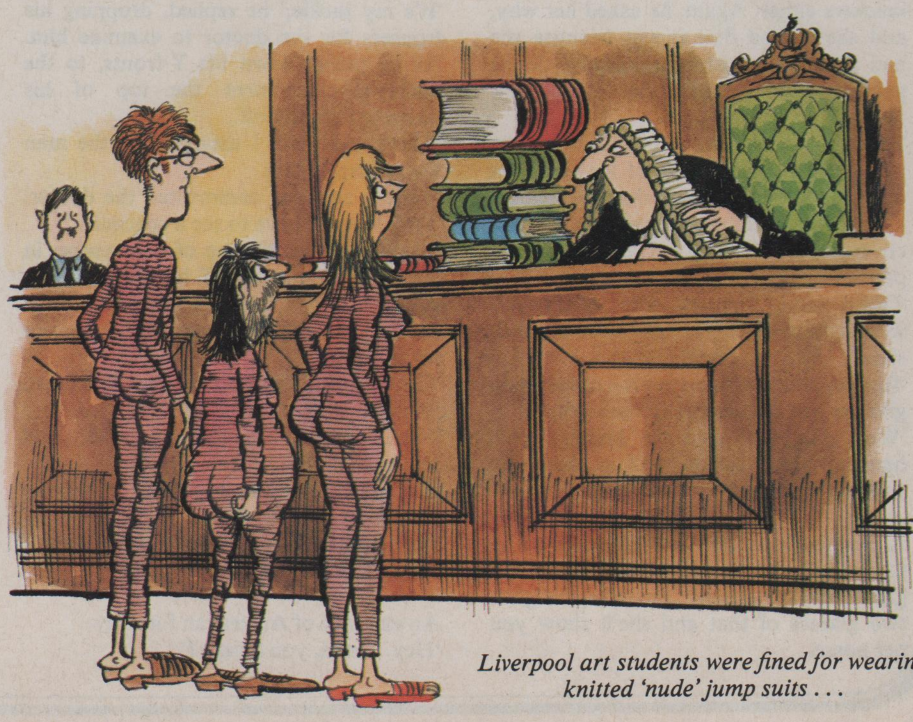
Unfortunately, some parts of the modern world are not so logical. If Plato knows of some of the goings-on in his native Greece, he is probably spinning in his sarcophagus at this very moment. In today's Greece, nudity in the wrong place can lead to a prosecution for outraging public morals, and a spell of between ten days and three weeks behind bars.

An even stiffer sentence was meted out to a British couple at the Greek holiday resort of Nauplion. After a heavy afternoon wine-drinking session, they decided to sunbathe nude on the beach. One thing led to another, and before long they were making love on a breakwater, oblivious of a gathering crowd of 2,000 spectators. Chairman of Association Football clubs will note that this is a bigger attendance than at many Fourth Division matches – perhaps there is a lesson for them here.

The police though, were not amused by the display, and bravely arrested both participants. I say 'bravely' because the man was 'a big muscular fellow, built like a gorilla,' and it took several of them to drag him off. The couple were charged with public immorality and provoking a scandal, and had to spend two months each in gaol.

When tourist authorities tried to open the first official nudist camp in Greece, people were prevented from using it by a demonstration of black-clad Orthodox priests. 'Nudism is a fashion which serves Satan to humiliate the world, and cause scandal and perdition of souls,' they declared.

The government had to send a squad of armed police to sort things out. According to the police, 'the nudists gave us no trouble at all. However, over 1,000 clerical demonstrators led by three bishops and an abbess rushed the perimeter, shouting, "The Evil One is a nudist! Orgiasts out!" and so forth. When we levelled our guns at them, one of the bishops said, "Now!" – whereupon the demonstrators turned their backs on the camp, lifted their skirts in unison, and



Liverpool art students were fined for wearing knitted 'nude' jump suits . . .

Viewers saw a naked priest accompanied by a woman wearing only a sheet . . .

showed their backsides to the sun lovers.'
The Greek view does not seem to have been shared by a priest in Managua, Nicaragua, who actually succeeded in making a nude appearance on television. Admittedly, his participation in the broadcast was probably unintentional. Cameramen were busy filming a political demonstration when they noticed a fracas outside a nearby house.
Camera lenses quickly changed direction, and amazed viewers saw a naked Father Bismarck Carballo struggling with police officers, and accompanied by a woman wearing only a sheet. He said that he had been having lunch with a female member of his flock when a stranger had broken into the house, and forced them both to strip.
Police in Ireland had an even more ingenious story to contend with when they arrested three naked men on the train from Dublin to Cork. A group of girls had complained to the ticket collector that three of the 50 or so passengers in their carriage were in a state of nudity.
The ticket collector, Mr O'Callaghan, went to investigate and found the allegation to be true. Mr Lynch, Mr O'Connor and Mr Corcoran said that a man they had never met before had suggested they while away the journey in a game of strip poker. Unfortunately he had won all their clothes and got off the train at the last stop.
Throughout the world, in magazines, art galleries, cinemas, clubs and theatres, nudity is becoming more acceptable. But in everyday life it seems we are nowhere near the ideals of Plato's day.
In Miami, the Happybeach Homeowners' Association have complained to the local police department. 'Many of our residents spend all day sitting on the end of their private piers,' they say, 'and these decent retired folk have been upset by hordes of nude waterskiers.' This is undeniably a development that Plato didn't foresee.
In Odessa, Texas, a man was charged on three counts of indecency after dancing naked in front of 400 worshippers in a Pentecostal church. Obviously he was only trying to emulate the temple dancers in Plutarch's Sparta.
Plutarch would have been pleased to learn that in spite of intolerance in Miami and Texas, there are an estimated 20,000 strippers, both male and female, working in North America today. A competition is to be held in Las Vegas for the Golden G-string Award which, in the words of a spokesman, 'will upgrade the image of the profession.'
Other parts of the world are not so enlightened. In Switzerland, residents on the shores of Lake Geneva have objected to male and female nudists 'disporting themselves'. Property owners claim that 'it is more than exhibitionism. There are intertwined bodies behind every bush.'
In Arundel in Sussex, a local man has been asked to cover up the marble statues of nude men and women which grace his front garden because there have been accidents every week on a nearby bridge. 'If drivers are turning their heads to look at the statues I am more than willing to put overcoats on them,' he said.
In Liverpool, the 'nudes' don't even have to be naked to cause offence. Recently a number of young art students were fined £25 each for parading through the town centre dressed in knitted, nude jump suits, complete with knitted private parts. One of them claimed, 'It wasn't obscene, more like wearing Muppet suits,' but the judge opined that the display was 'utterly disgraceful and disgusting, and it is not surprising that people were horrified at what they saw.'
Even in France there are limits to people's tolerance. A court there ruled that the sacking of a topless female clerk was justified. The judge said, 'Modern trends allow women to bare their breasts on the beach but this tolerance does not extend to the workplace except in the case of cabaret artists.'

In France, a topless clerk was dismissed . . .

According to a survey in Denmark, nudity is closely associated with left-wing politics. 'People supposed to know about these things have come up with the theory that the baring of the female breast is a revolutionary political attitude in line with the depicting of the French Marianne with bared breasts on the barricades of the revolution,' says the opinion poll analysis.
It was revealed that nude bathers on Denmark's beaches were mostly women, and that the farther to the left their political views, the nuder they got. Nearly two-thirds of all women with extreme left-wing views also bathed in the nude.
I must record here that my own observations do not support this Danish evidence. In my experience, nude women are just as likely to exhibit a swing to the right as a swing to the left. My observations of nude men are limited (and will remain so) but common sense suggests that there will be great variations in the range of swing, and indeed in the size of the swingometer itself.
In France recently, it wasn't a left-winger, but a right-winger, the Conservative Mayor of Nice, who introduced nudity into a political campaign. He put up posters of a girl wearing a bikini, promising that later she would take off the top. Sure enough, this happened; with a promise to take off the bottom in the next series of posters. The next development was a completely nude girl with the caption, 'As promised, after 21 months of Socialism, I have nothing left.'
Attitudes to male and female nudity vary as much as political attitudes. In Tropes in Italy, the local council has decided to crack down on nude bathers, and police will be enforcing a law forbidding most people to go naked on the beach. However, the law permits certain exceptions, consisting of 'beautiful naked women, possibly young women, in a position to exalt the attractiveness and femininity of their bodies.'
And again in Italy, an art school teacher was charged with offending public decency in Venice because he dressed up as a male sexual organ to take part in the carnival. He was most upset about this as there had been no objection to his costume the previous year. Then, he had been dressed as – you've guessed it – a female sexual organ!

Nude posters helped the mayor of Nice in his campaign . . .

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All the Sultan's Women

continued from page 74

other morning I saw a pyramid of human heads on the left side of the principal entrance to the Imperial Palace. At the Seven Towers, a number of prisoners, among them several Christians, were thrown the other day over the parapet of the Tower which is annexed to the Torture Chamber, and which stands at the corner of the square in which political executions usually take place. You can see from the road, naked and still living men, caught on long spikes, where they will remain until death delivers them.'

The day-to-day running of the government was now in the hands of a series of reasonably competent Viziers who ruled in the Sultan's name whilst the Sultan gave himself up entirely to the joys of the harem. But these men could do little for the empire which was on its knees, and assailed by enemies on all sides. The Empire lurched unhappily into the nineteenth century. Turkey, once the most powerful and most feared country in the world, was now physically and morally bankrupt. Her administration was riddled through and through with corruption, her once all-victorious armies were the scorn of the world. The corps of Janissaries, originally composed of tribute boys stolen from the Christian villages of the Empire and, in their time, the most-feared body of fighting men in the world, had been disbanded in 1826 with great slaughter. The business of the country, such as it was, was left in the hands of the Armenian and Jewish members of society, for the Turks had a traditional contempt for 'trade'.

The last Sultan to rule Turkey was Abdul Hamid II – the two to follow him were merely puppets – and he was only too typical of his line. He came to the throne in 1876 when his brother, Murad, was declared insane.

Thin and extremely ugly, he was characterised by two traits, timidity and cruelty. His great fear was always assassination, and his whole life was a constant battle against poison or the assassin's bullet. His drinking water was taken from a spring which was guarded night and day, before being put in sealed bottles which he opened himself. Each meal had to be tried out on a cat or dog before being eaten. His cigarettes were chosen at random in case they were poisoned, and even the underwear he used was tried out on someone else first in case they had been doctored. All incoming documents to be signed by the Sultan were baked in an oven before they were looked at lest someone had put harmful bacteria in them. Many of these documents, essential to the running of the country, were rendered illegible by the baking, so adding to the confusion of the administration. Only among his women did Abdul Hamid feel safe, but even there his fears did not entirely leave him, and he had a life-sized image of himself, exact in every way, placed in one of the dark recesses of the harem so that his concubines would feel that he was still watching them.

Abdul Hamid's cruelty was exercised against the Armenians in his country, a nation of luckless Christians unlucky enough to be surrounded by a Muslim nation. In 1894, a series of appalling massacres were carried out, earning the Sultan the title of Abdul the Damned. This was genocide, only paralleled by the extermination of the Jews by the Nazis half a century later. The world was sickened, and the Turkish people themselves decided they had had enough. The confederacy of the Young Turks, men determined to drag the country into the twentieth century, was formed. For years they plotted, and then in April, 1909 the Young Turks – or the Committee of Union and Progress as they called themselves – struck. Abdul Hamid was packed off to Salonika, and the vast, ramshackle organisation over which he ruled was dismembered.

There was much bloodshed as old scores were settled. The Djevher Agar, the huge, obscenely fat chief eunuch, was hanged in public on Galata Bridge. The gypsy hangmen called in to do the work were amateurs and bungled the job. The eunuch's chins were so enormous that he was roped round the lower jaw instead of under it, and he died horribly by elongation of the neck rather than by strangulation or dislocation of the vertebrae. The next eunuch, seeing this, offered to hang himself which was allowed him. With them died the Twisted Beard Pasha, the Comptroller of the Household and the man who carried out the executions in the harem. He was contemptuous of the gypsies' technique, and refused the customary olive and glass of water offered as a sign of peace. Fehim Pasha, a foster brother of the Sultan, was torn to pieces by an enraged crowd.

The fate of the harem girls was a strange one. Some had fled when the fighting started, but over a thousand remained, and the new rulers did their best for them. It was decided that the women should go back to the villages from where they had been kidnapped or purchased in the first place. Advertisements were placed in the newspapers asking for anyone who had lost a daughter or sister to the Sultan's harem to come to Constantinople to claim his relation. Men were sent out to the Circassian villages, where so many of the girls had originated, to appeal to the tribesmen to collect their lost children. In a great hall, the perfumed ladies of the harem waited demurely whilst the rough, tough shepherds and goatherds sought amongst them for signs of a familiar face. Most of the girls had left their villages in their early teens, and that may have been ten or twenty years before, so recognition must have been difficult. Only the women's memories of half forgotten fathers and brothers would have helped them.

Was this a happy ending to the story of the Seraglio of the Sultans of Turkey? It's not easy to say. A women's-libber would have approved the transformation from Sultan's doxy to 'respectable working girl'. But for many a middle-aged woman, accustomed to a life of luxury, of silks and satins, the change must have been hard. To give up an idle life amongst the perfumed gardens of the Seraglio to follow the plough in the heat of summer; to herd sheep on the wind-blown mountain slopes in winter? Liberty and progress and emancipation of the spirit – these virtues create problems of their own!

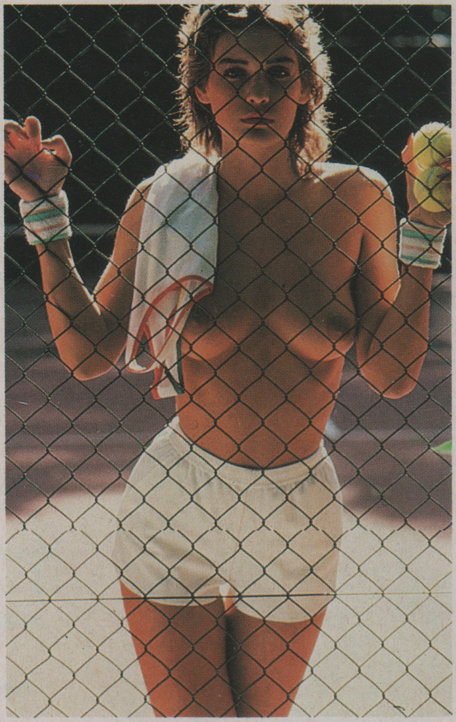
Miss Yugoslavia

Bernarda Marovt: The pictures that rocked the Miss World contest

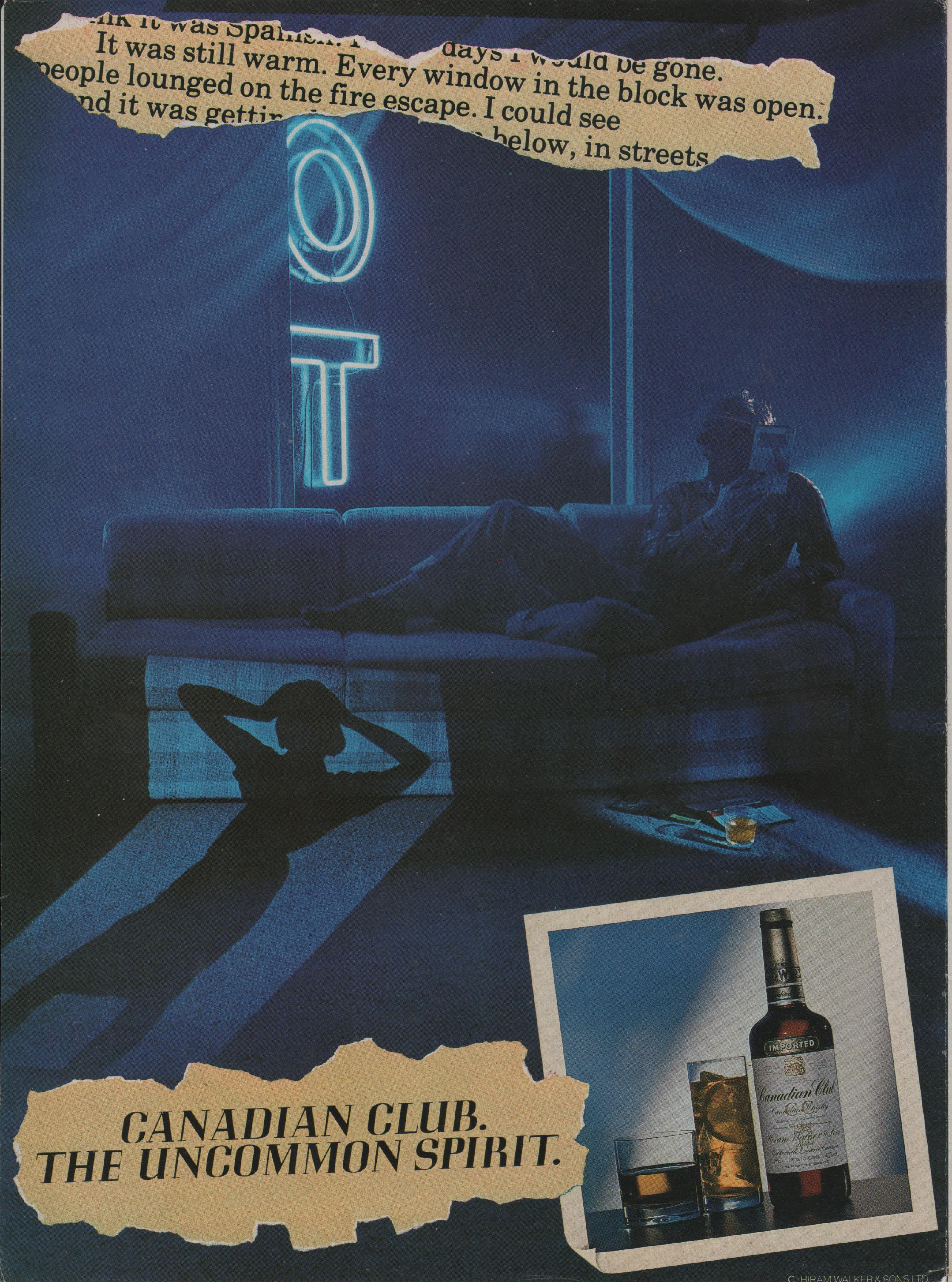
The Miss World contest was once again this year surrounded by controversy. The cause of it was 24-year-old Bernarda Marovt, the beautiful Miss Yugoslavia, who was revealed to have posed semi-nude in a series of erotiç photographs. These are the pictures at the centre of the row. They appeared in a Yugoslavian magazine, *Start*, prior to the contest, and, it was suggested, may have affected her chances in the competition itself. Further commotion was aroused when Bernarda showed off rather too much of her 36-23-36 figure in a black see-through evening gown (see below). It was definitely not the sort of dress of which the Miss World organisers approve. In the week prior to the contest, Bernarda was the centre of attention, almost eclipsing the eventual winner, Miss United Kingdom, Sarah Jane Hutt. Would her risqué appearance wreck her hopes when she competed in the world-famous beauty pageant?

Certainly, prior to the furore, the newspapers rated Miss Yugoslavia's chances in the contest highly. She was voted Miss Photogenic by the press, out of the 72 entrants. Yet despite being their favourite, Bernarda's odds at the bookies to win the title never rose beyond 14 to 1. Perhaps even more surprisingly, she very nearly didn't qualify for the contest at all, only receiving the Miss Yugoslavia title after some dispute.

One of the judges who voted against her representing Yugoslavia was Julia Morley, the boss of the Miss World organisation. It was this vote that led to speculation about Bernarda being discouraged from appearing in the finals. But when we spoke to Julia Morley, she was quick to deny that she had anything against Bernarda as a contestant. 'She made the finals, and there is no question of her being discouraged,' she told us. However, she added, 'I do have an international contest to run. Moral standards vary throughout the world, and in some countries nudity is still shocking, though personally it doesn't worry me. But I must protect my competition. If I was running a beauty contest purely in Europe, of course it would be more liberal.'



With or without intervention, Bernarda did not make the final seven of the Miss World contest, but none the less earned herself publicity all over the world. Describing herself as a history and politics student, this set of photographs will doubtless mean that she will soon become a full-time model with less time for her declared hobbies of athletics and rifle shooting. The Miss World saga is just the start for Bernarda, a girl out to make her mark.


It was still warm. Every window in the block was open.
people lounged on the fire escape. I could see
below, in streets
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QUEST

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Volume Sixteen

Of all winter breaks, an invigorating and active skiing holiday can prove the most enjoyable. More so, when the *apres ski* is of a sexual nature. Quest talks to three devotees.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

MANAGING DIRECTOR, 38 years old, blonde, town of origin Mansfield

This interviewee is married to a successful businessman, has two teenage children, and runs a small but profitable bureau service from home with the aid of a word processor. She has been married for 16 years.

Quest: Whose idea was a winter sports holiday?

Director: The children's, I think. My daughter had some lessons on a dry ski slope with her school, and she was desperately keen to try the real thing.

Quest: You weren't keen yourself?

Director: Oh I didn't mind. I thought it might be fun.

Quest: What appealed most – the sport or the aprés-ski?

Director: Both. I quite fancied the idea of sipping glühwein on some sunny terrace and watching the beautiful people go by.

Quest: Including beautiful ski instructors?

Director: Oh, of course. I didn't intend to have a mad fling with a masseur, if that's what you're getting at.

Quest: I just wondered what your expectations were for the holiday – in a sexual sense.

Director: I had a few daydreams about being swept off my skis by some husky, Austrian snowgod, but who doesn't? That was all. With a husband and two children in tow I didn't expect any wild erotic adventures. The most I expected was that Lewis, my husband, and I might get a little more amorous in all that mountain air.

Quest: Did you?

Director: Oh yes, but we were much too tired to do much about it!

Quest: Are you faithful to each other?

Director: I've only been unfaithful once, and Lewis knew all about it. It was about seven years ago. He was getting totally obsessed with the business. I didn't think I knew him any more. I don't know for certain if Lewis has been unfaithful. It would probably be asking too much to suppose he hadn't. In a way I wouldn't mind, if it did him good – and I never found out. I'm not in the least forgiving on things like that. I was even jealous when my ex-lover married. Doesn't that make me sound awful?

NICE GIRLS DON'T *ALWAYS* DO AS THEIR MOTHERS TELL THEM!

And a very good thing too for one small, pretty, female football player, and one good-looking, but shy, male 'Jag' driver.

She met only women at work, or 'men who were really boring .... or married.'

He was tired of shallow, pointless relationships and girls who were only impressed by his car!

At 22, June had seriously thought of joining Dateline but had been persuaded by her mother that computer dating was not the thing to do. A year later, still against her mother's advice, June sent away for a Dateline questionnaire.

Rob too had decided it was time for some action. Several of his first Dateline introductions were already seeing someone on a steady basis (an optimistic sign!), and one he didn't really take to when they spoke on the phone.

June had only just received her first list of introductions when Rob called her, and they agreed to meet that night. She had felt no qualms at all until a friend suggested that he might be truly horrible, so she found herself waiting nervously for the doorbell to ring that evening. She laughs now, 'I'm not sure what I expected but as soon as I saw him I was very impressed by how good-looking he was — oh, and by his car of course!'

They both laughed at the memory of *'that car'*. Rob sold it when he and June agreed to marry. They say they both knew almost straight away that they were right for each other, and they have a lot in common, though Rob hates football!

Their wedding took place in Carshalton in the fairy tale tradition of beautiful, happy bride and proud and handsome groom.

And June's mother? *She's delighted!*

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Quest: Did you get involved with your masseur out of jealousy?
Director: I didn't get *involved* with him at all! That was what was so dreadful – and so surprising – about the whole thing. It was pure lust from beginning to end.
Quest: So it was entirely unprompted?
Director: Well, not entirely, I suppose. Lewis had been off to the sauna a day or so before. I was a bit peeved about that.
Quest: Why?
Director: The sauna was mixed. Lewis and I had quite fancied going but I was shy about stripping off in front of strangers. I didn't like the idea of dropping everything in front of people you'd meet over breakfast. And there was this girl.
Quest: Who was this?
Director: It was stupid. She shared our table occasionally, and we got friendly. She was on holiday with relatives but she hadn't been able to get into their hotel so she was on her own. She was very lively, very friendly – we got on well. She was also about 24 years old, very attractive and with a bust about twice the size of my bum. We used to wonder how she ever stayed upright on her skis.
Quest: And Lewis liked that?
Director: Let's say Lewis is a Dolly Parton fan – and he's tone deaf! Since I'm a fairly modest 34B this has always been a bit of a sore point. And of course when he and I were discussing the sauna Miss Boob decided she'd always wanted to try one. There was no way I was going to take my bra off within half a mile of her!
Quest: But Lewis went with her?
Director: I don't think he went *with* her, but they were both there at the same time – with other people around. And I know saunas are too hot to actually *do* anything in. But he told me afterwards she wasn't quite as big as we'd thought because she had wide shoulders.
Quest: So you signed up with Rudi?
Director: Isn't that a beautiful name! No one would believe it if you invented it! Actually I didn't even know about Rudi. I just wanted a thorough massage – I was a mass of aches and pains after the first few days – and there was a place for it in a hotel basement. I just booked it for one afternoon. I got the shock of my life when I arrived and found this blonde beast waiting.
Quest: Why?
Director: I'd assumed it would be a woman. Certainly not some gorgeous 25-year-old hunk in tee-shirt and shorts.
Quest: Were you embarrassed because he was male or because he was attractive?
Director: Well, both. I don't think I'd have been much happier if he'd been fat and balding. But he was beautiful – the way a man's body can be – his tee-shirt looked as if it had been sprayed on.
Quest: You were attracted to him?
Director: If I say I was it sounds as if I go around threatening to drop my knickers at the first handsome face, which I don't. Obviously those kind of thoughts were there. But I was just very nervous. What was worse, he seemed unaware of the fact. He was perfectly normal and charming. He made me feel silly feeling nervous.
Quest: About taking your clothes off in front of him?
Director: It wasn't in front of him. There was a small changing room to one side. He pointed to it and said, 'Please to undress.' His English wasn't perfect, or at least it didn't seem to be. I have my doubts now. So I just smiled and went inside, and took everything off except my pants. There was a towel in there, thank goodness, so I wrapped that round me. Then I told myself to grow up – nobody obviously thought twice about women having male masseurs on the continent. I must admit I was a little miffed he didn't look up when I went back in. He just smiled and patted the couch, and very carefully I climbed up, and lay down on my tummy.
Quest: Still wrapped in your towel?

> 'The masseur made me feel like a doll. 'You can touch me,' he said. 'No one ever comes here.'

Director: Oh yes, but he soon pulled that away, and threw it on a chair on the other side of the room, which was worrying. Then he started. And he was very good. He knew exactly where to go. He had a lovely touch – strong but gentle. He really made me relax, but it took a while. I could feel the tension in me, and it had almost gone when I turned my head once, and found myself staring at his crotch, which was right next to my face. I went puce. I felt so idiotic. 'There, you are becoming tense again,' he said. 'I think English women find it very hard to relax.' I had to talk to him after that, just to hide my blushes. 'I have many additional requests,' he said. I thought he meant re-bookings.
Quest: Did he make any advances?
Director: None at all. The most that happened was when he massaged my shoulder blades, and forced me to arch my back so that my boobs came off the couch, but I don't think he could see them. Then all at once he slapped my bottom and said, 'I think it is time for your shower now.' He vanished through an archway at the back, and I heard a shower go on. I looked round for my towel, which of course was miles away, so I sat up. And Rudi walked straight back in. I clasped my arm over my boobs, but he didn't seem to notice. 'You are not ready,' he snapped. 'Why do you still have your pants on?' Then before I could even react he grasped my legs, and tipped me back onto the couch. 'Lie back, I help you,' he said, and grabbed the sides of my knickers and yanked them down. I was absolutely flabbergasted.
Quest: What did you do?
Director: I twisted off the couch, clutched my pants and dived for the shower room. Rudi was calling after me, 'Are you alright? Is anything the matter?' 'No, no,' I was saying. 'I'm fine, fine.' My heart was hammering away. I stepped out of my knickers, and got into the shower cubicle just to cool down. I was just beginning to soak, and feel a bit more in control when there was Rudi.
Quest: He followed you into the shower?
Director: He was standing right behind me, and he wasn't wearing his tee-shirt any more. 'Nice and warm eh?' he said, and to my horror he unzipped his shorts, stepped out of them, and climbed in beside me.
Quest: I assume he was naked.
Director: He was like Apollo! But all this was happening too fast as far as I was concerned. 'Now just a minute,' I said. 'I don't think we should be doing this –' He didn't even blink. 'No, it is quite usual,' he said. 'Turn your back please.' And he just turned me round, snatched up the soap and began lathering my back. Either he had the most colossal cheek or I'd misunderstood everything from the start. 'I don't think my husband would approve of this – ' I said, sounding like some affronted matron. 'Oh,' he said, moving onto my bum. 'Why not?' The fact that his hands felt wonderful, and I was shaking like a leaf didn't make thinking any easier. 'Well – being naked in a shower with an attractive man – ' It suddenly sounded so ludicrous I almost laughed but his hands suddenly rose, cupping my breasts, and taking my breath away. 'You have good breasts,' he said, squeezing them. 'But you must exercise the shoulder muscles to keep them nice. I will show you later.' His whole body pressed into my back as he said it. I felt the shape of his cock against the base of my spine, and I felt my senses swim. What must seem crazy to you – and it does to me now – was how polite I was! Here he was being quite outrageous, and I was desperately trying not to offend him.
Quest: You wanted him to make love to you?
Director: My God, did I want him! He was rolling my nipples between his fingers by now. I was saying, 'Surely you must realise this is incredibly intimate –' 'I don't know this word,' he said. 'Turn please.' He turned me, and I had to lean back against the tiles as he began to soap my neck and shoulders. I could hardly catch my breath I was trembling so much. 'I mean – ' I said, swallowing. 'You must get – affected – sometimes – ' He was starting to lather my breasts and he stopped with a blank look, then he glanced down. 'Oh,' he said, 'you mean get hard. Yes, I get hard sometimes.' He smiled for the first time in ages. 'Many of the ladies like to see

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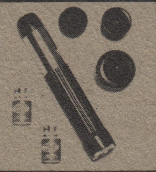

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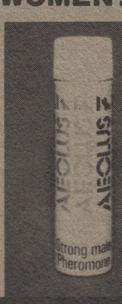

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it.' 'I bet they do,' I breathed, glancing down. I could see a solid red stalk, quite short but very broad, standing up against my stomach. I felt like I was teetering on the edge of some awful, mind-boggling abyss, and I knew I couldn't help falling over. Then he said, 'You can touch it if you like. Or we can do something together. The couch is comfortable. No one comes here at this time.' He smiled again. 'It is nice here also.' I didn't know what to say. I couldn't hear myself think. 'My husband – ' was all I managed. 'He will be pleased,' said Rudi, 'to have such a happy wife. Why don't you kneel? This is better – ' He turned me again – I felt like a doll in his hands. He let me down onto the floor of the cubicle. Suddenly my breathing seemed louder than the sound of the water. I felt him move behind me, easing me onto my knees, sliding his hand between my thighs and opening them. Then his thighs bumped against mine – there was a warm stiffness between my legs – and a sudden sharp, stretching thrust that made me gasp out loud. His cock began to pump into me – so hard and fierce and urgent. I felt for the first time in years I was just being *taken* – *had* – whether I wanted it or not. It did incredible, glorious things to me. It felt so *animal*. Then through all that I heard him talking to me.

Quest: Saying what?

Director: He said, 'Do you want me to come out to finish? Some ladies are afraid for me to finish inside.' Hearing that did it for me. He didn't stop thrusting at all, and I could feel my climax start. 'No – ' I whispered – 'no – inside – do it in me – do it – do it!' And it happened for me as I felt him give a last great jerk and heard him groan.

Quest: Did this happen again?

Director: You're joking! I was shaking for an hour afterwards. Rudi was totally normal – we could have been discussing the weather. I was appalled that I'd let it happen. You're the first person I've told all of it to.

Quest: But now you're reconciled to it?

Director: I know a lot more about myself – and about mountain air!

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

COMMERCIAL ARTIST, 25 years old, town of origin Carlisle.

This male interviewee studied at art school before taking up his present job in the studio of an advertising agency. He shares a large mixed flat with a varying number of other people.

Quest: So you went on your first winter sports holiday purely for sexual reasons?

Artist: Oh absolutely. I'd just spent three months doing storyboards and finished artwork for a travel company promising all sorts of wild goings-on on the nearest *piste* so I thought I'd better practice what I preached. Also I got the offer of a cheap air ticket.

Quest: A kind of private market research?

Artist: Well why not? All those energetic physical activities on the slopes all day and all the bracing air was bound to do marvels for your sex life. I quite fancied the ski gear too. And things hadn't been too fantastic at home.

Quest: Why not?

Artist: It's a long story. I got involved with one half of a couple who were living together in the flat. It just started as a casual screw when we got pissed together one night. She wanted my advice because she was having problems, and her boyfriend was supposed to be a good friend of mine. That was just a happy accident. Then it began to get regular, and my friend found out. And it got awkward. I mean, it happens all the time.

Quest: So you were looking for an escape?

> 'She wore this T-shirt with no bra, and fell face down in the snow which gave her wet-look boobs'

Artist: A temporary one till things blew over. But I'd always half fancied going skiing. Especially after a friend I used to work with took a self-catering apartment in Flaine and played musical beds with a party of convent girls from Toulouse in the next flat. I think he spent two days on the slopes in a whole fortnight.

Quest: And you wanted the same kind of holiday?

Artist: Well, wouldn't you?

Quest: Did it work out like that?

Artist: Not entirely

Quest: What happened?

Artist: I ended up with a party at a hotel because I took the holiday at short notice. This was in Austria. A couple of the women were promising but since you're organised into classes all day I didn't really see that much of them. And the first three days were knackering. By about nine every evening I could hardly lift a beer glass. The classes were good fun, though. Everyone doing pratfalls all over the place. It literally broke the ice very quickly. I was in a group taught by this Rhine maiden called Gisela. Very tall girl of about twenty-four, twenty-five. Golden hair, sky blue eyes. She was encased in these thick red ski suits the instructors wore so you couldn't really judge her figure. Very precise lady. Quite jolly, but her English wasn't perfect. She was attractive but a bit Teutonic. I thought, 'Not for you, sonny Jim.' Which shows you how rotten my judgement is.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Artist: I was busy lusting after this American girl in the same class. She was a redhead and a bit nearer my size. Very nice figure and lovely shaped boobs. I know because the first couple of days were really warm – it was quite late in the season – and she took her jacket off. Underneath she used to wear these loose army green tee-shirts with quite thin cotton. And it was obvious she didn't use a bra. You could see her move. Then the second day she went face down in a snow bank and soaked her chest. And the damp cotton clung to her boobs. You could see the curve, the stubs of her nipples which were sticking up in the cold, even the faint outline of these little cone-like areolae. I nearly creamed myself. I went over at least twice because she moved when I was about to do some practice movements. Even Gisela said to me, 'You must think of pleasure in the evenings only. You must concentrate now.'

Quest: She was aware what you were thinking?

Artist: Oh more than I realised. She was laughing when she said it but I'm not sure who else heard her. Certainly not the American girl.

Quest: You didn't get very far with her?

Artist: She was very open and friendly but that was all. I really think American women are a different species. I've known three now reasonably well. One acted like a sex maniac until I touched her, then she iced up completely. Another one I bought dinner for and she seemed bored. Then when I asked her back for coffee she practically tore my trousers off. I'm sure it's just a cultural difference actually – it's difficult enough knowing what a woman from your own culture really means. That was why I misread Gisela so completely.

Quest: What do you mean exactly?

Artist: I didn't realise she fancied me. Once I went down to the village from the nursery slopes earlier than usual because I was worn out, and she got in the same cable car. The instructors usually went down when classes ended at about four. Most people stayed on the slopes later to practice. I got talking out of politeness really. She was friendly but a bit hesitant I thought. Now I know that was mainly because of her English. But she did ask if I had seen the American girl in the evenings, which I hadn't. Then she said, 'Oh there are a lot of nice girls around. You must try harder.' Perhaps it's just coincidence but a lot of girls who've been inquisitive about my love life in that way are usually the ones I get off with. That never occurred to me then, or not seriously. I even thought she might be Lesbian, she was such a strict lady. That didn't turn out to be too wrong, actually.

Quest: So you got off with Gisela?

Artist: *She* got off with me. We had races on our last day, and in the evening there was a sort of gala presentation by the ski school at a local night club. Each of the instructors presented their pupils with award badges – everyone got one. I was with my class, and someone got me to offer Gisela a drink when it was all over. It wasn't even my idea. And she joined us at our table. That was when it first occurred to me she might fancy me.

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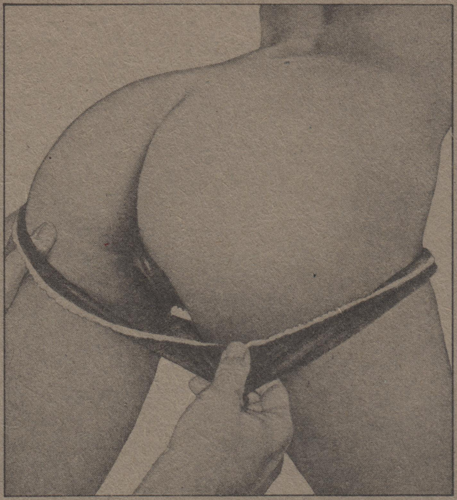

Quest: Why?

Artist: For the usual reasons. She sat next to me. She danced with two or three of the fellows but she stayed on the floor for a slow number with me. It was the first time I'd seen her out of her ski clothes, actually, and her figure wasn't bad at all. Not petite but a nice shape. She had good legs too. They seemed to be hollow by the amount of booze she was putting away! Then, quite late, this other girl turned up looking for her.

Quest: Who was this?

Artist: Trudi or Heidi, something very like that. She was blonde too but not so attractive. Apparently she was Gisela's flatmate. They were just moving into a new apartment and Gisela was supposed to have been helping her with cases. Trudi was a bit peeved until she saw how sozzled Gisela was, then she had a couple of drinks too. I remember being surprised that she seemed to know who I was. Gisela had obviously mentioned my name to her. But Trudi was still keen to get on. That was when I offered to help.

Quest: Because you anticipated having sex with Gisela?

Artist: I thought it was worth a try. I had no idea what I was letting myself in for. For a start Trudi had this VW stuffed with cases and bags and the flat turned out to be on a third floor with no lift. As soon as we got there Gisela staggered off into her bedroom, reappearing in a slip looking very queasy and then vanished for half an hour. By which time all the bag carrying was done – mainly by me. Trudi at least gave me a massive slug of some lethal-tasting spirit while she sorted through her stuff. Then she asked me to take one bag to Gisela because it belonged to her. When I went in I found Gisela flat out on the bed, still in her slip and looking very nice but dead to the world. I tried to put the case down quietly on a dresser with ornaments piled at the end. And the whole lot went over. Then she hit me.

Quest: Gisela hit you?

Artist: I felt this stinging pain across my backside. I spun round and Gisela was kneeling up on the bed, grinning at me, all bright-eyed with what looked like a length of twisted rope or some kind of belt in her hand. 'You are a bad, bad English boy,' she said, obviously still quite blotto. 'You are clumsy. You must be punished.' And she thwacked me again across the legs.

Quest: You're serious?

Artist: Well if it sounds crazy to you it was a hundred times weirder to me. I just gaped at her. What made it even worse was that the edge of her slip was riding up and I could see a clump of dark blonde fuzz; she didn't even have any pants on. 'Are you listening to me?' she snapped. 'You must take your trousers down.' Then I heard laughing and saw Trudi at the door. 'You see the mood she's in now,' she said. 'This is because you are not nice to her.' I asked her what the hell was going on, but Trudi just went on laughing. 'Oh she gets like this when she has too much to drink,' she said. 'She is a very passionate girl. I think you will have to do as she says.' Gisela began to sway then I thought she was keeling over but instead she lunged forward and started slapping my legs really fiercely. And it bloody hurt too.

Quest: What did you do?

Artist: I tried to stop her! I grabbed the rope then her arm. The next thing I knew I was rolling on top of her, and she didn't stop. She began clawing at my trouser catch. And she was strong too. I was yelling at Trudi, 'For God's sake, help me! How do we quieten her down.' 'Oh,' she said, 'you must make love to her of course. There's no other way.'

Quest: Did you?

Artist: Well her slip was round her waist by now but it looked like the only way I was going to get anywhere was to force myself on her and I didn't rate my chances against an Amazon! Then somehow she got hold of the sides of my trousers and gave a great heave and trousers, pants the lot slid down and I was slipping between her thighs. As soon as our flesh touched she gave a loud sort of purring sigh and her legs came up on either side of me and closed behind my back. Then she began murmuring in German, rocking me backwards and forwards, crotch to crotch.

Quest: Did you have intercourse with her?

Artist: She had a nice body and I defy anyone to stay detached when his cock is being massaged against a warm wet pussy. I went up like a rocket. Then I managed to work enough room and I eased my erection down over her pubic bone and slipped it into her hole and we started to fuck. And my God she could fuck! I thought I'd never see my prick again. She seemed to build on each climax with these great gasping groans. When I finally let go I thought the roof had fallen in. I dozed straight off, totally shattered.

Quest: Did you make love only once?

Artist: Oh no. I woke up and found the lights down and Gisela tucked into my tummy, spoon fashion and without her slip now. Then I realised Trudi was on her opposite side in the same bed. They seemed to be kissing and whispering. I was still fairly groggy but this was wet dream stuff as far as I was concerned: I mean, a bisexual bonanza! My

> 'If it gets colder,' he said, 'we'll go into the instructor's hut and make love for half an hour.'

cock went up again, and then I felt a hand – Trudi's hand – reaching between Gisela's legs to stroke my erection. Gisela was only half awake, I think, or just too far gone. I felt Trudi's hand pulling my prick down and up under Gisela's crotch. Then she began to rub my knob against Gisela's slit, using me like some real life dildo. Gisela began to moan and push herself down onto me. That was enough for me. I lifted her leg and fucked her again – sideways like that at first, then when I got into my stride I eased her round until she was lying on her stomach and we finished off doggy fashion. From there I could also see Trudi who was stripped off too by now. She was a bit stockier but nothing to complain about. She just lay curled up against Gisela, kissing her shoulder and stroking her hair while I humped her.
Quest: Did you have sex with Trudi too?
Artist: That was the weirdest thing. She only wanted to touch me as long as I could give pleasure to Gisela. She wouldn't let me touch her at all. Apart from not being Superman I wouldn't have minded. I mean, two women in the same bed! But it was obviously a very weird situation. I don't pretend to understand. And I had to vanish at about five in the morning to get back to my hotel for a seven o'clock airport bus.
Quest: But you found your winter sports dream?
Artist: Oh I'm not complaining. Next year is bound to be a let down, though.
Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

SECRETARY, 22 years old, brunette, town of origin Sydney

Though born in Australia, this interviewee has lived in the south of England from the age of two. She works for a firm of solicitors and shares a flat with two other girls.

Quest: Did the prospect of romance have anything to do with your choice of a skiing holiday?
Secretary: I wanted a good time. I can only afford one big holiday a year. I'm not a sporty person. I'd just been told skiing was really enjoyable.
Quest: Did that enjoyment include sex?
Secretary: It usually does, doesn't it? I wasn't looking for anyone special. I just expected to meet people.
Quest: With the intention of having sex?
Secretary: Chance would be a fine thing!
Quest: But what about boyfriends?
Secretary: I've got a boyfriend now but I wasn't really involved with anyone before I went on holiday. I'd broken off an engagement three months earlier. I went out with three or four people but none of them seriously.
Quest: And none of them tried to get you into bed?
Secretary: Not hard enough to convince me they really wanted to, no.
Quest: How was your relationship with your ex-fiance?
Secretary: Fine for the first three years, dreadful after that. He was my first serious boyfriend. As far as bed was concerned, we didn't really do it very much. We were both at home most of the time then, which made it awkward. He was very sporty too, rowing in summer and skiing in winter, so he always seemed to be in training for something! He took all that more seriously than he did me – which is one of the reasons why I gave him up. He used to go off skiing with a couple of friends every January. I was never invited because he said I'd be bored. I didn't mind then. Now I've been on a winter holiday myself I'm not so sure. Not that it matters now.
Quest: Were you missing a sexual relationship?
Secretary: I don't think I'd ever really had one! My fiance and I weren't very adventurous, though I wasn't really aware of that at the time. Not until Carl.
Quest: Tell me about him.
Secretary: Carl was my skiing instructor for the last week or so I was away. I was with Paula, who's my flatmate, and he was taking her class at first. Paula had done some dry skiing at home so she was more experienced than me. I moved up into her class. That was the biggest surprise of all. I always thought I was a bit too frail for anything physical, but I seemed to do alright on skis. Carl said I had good balance. I first heard about him through Paula, but when we were on the nursery slopes I could see her group were having more fun than mine was.
Quest: What did she say about him?
Secretary: Oh, that he was outrageous, flirting with all the women, but he was a good instructor, quite tough too. His English was perfect because he'd lived in Australia for a long time. He didn't look like a typical instructor at all, though. Carl was short and foxy-looking. He had this sort of shifty, cheeky expression he'd make when he was being really rude. I couldn't imagine anyone less Swiss. He didn't take anything seriously.
Quest: How did you get on with him?
Secretary: He teased me a lot. The first morning I had him it was really cold. We were standing about waiting for some latecomers to arrive. I must have shivered because he asked if I was warm enough. I don't know what I told him, but he said, 'Don't worry. If it gets worse we'll go into the instructors' hut and make love for half an hour or so. That'll warm you up.' I just blurted something in surprise while the others laughed. 'Alright,' he said, 'we'll make it an hour. I'm easy.' It was like that all the time.
Quest: Were you attracted to him?
Secretary: As a person, yes. He was so open and honest and unserious about chasing women that you couldn't help but like him. And he was marvellous company.
Quest: What about sexually?
Secretary: I suppose I was curious. He had to get some results.
Quest: Was that why you let him seduce you?
Secretary: He really laughed me into bed, or into doing it. I didn't think it was going to happen at all. I'm sure half the women you talk to say that! But I was surprised. Looking back now that seems really naive. I mean, you don't play strip poker, alone, with a man and expect nothing to happen. I suppose the atmosphere was right for it. I'd also had about a quarter of a bottle of schnapps.

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Quest: What actually happened?
Secretary: Our group were having a farewell drink at a bar we knew, and Carl was invited. Paula and I were staying another four days, I think, but we went along too. It was a really good evening. Carl was sitting between Paula and I. Then at about ten everyone decided to move on to a disco. There was a bit of a muddle. Carl wasn't keen to leave. One of the other fellows had obviously taken a shine to Paula so she went. All of a sudden Carl and I were on our own. After a while we moved on to a less touristy bar quite near the chalet where I was staying.
Quest: Was that intentional?
Secretary: Not especially. I don't think Carl knew where I lived. I remember offering him a coffee, though, later. I invited him back. It was a self-catering chalet.
Quest: Who else was staying there?

> Carl kidded me that he had to escape naked on skis when the woman's husband returned home

Secretary: Six others, four boys and two girls. It was a singles' group thing. They were alright but I think most of them knew each other beforehand, so Paula and I never really got involved. They'd all gone out to some all-night party because it was a change-over day the next day so no one had to be up early for the slopes. I didn't remember that until later, though, which made things a bit fraught at first.
Quest: Why?
Secretary: Oh Carl found a bottle of schnapps I'd meant to take home, and we had some of that with the coffee. Then we started to get silly. I was afraid the others would be back any minute.
Quest: What do you mean by 'silly'?
Secretary: He found some cards one of the boys had and insisted we play poker. I didn't know any of the rules, but he kept telling me I was winning and took his clothes off.
Quest: All of them?
Secretary: Virtually, yes. In the end I had to find him a towel to put round his waist.
Quest: Where was all this happening?
Secretary: In the living room. We had a log fire going and that was about the only light. I mean, it was the classic romantic winter scene.
Quest: Did you never lose the game?
Secretary: When Carl got down to his towel I did – strangely enough! But I cheated.
Quest: How?
Secretary: I put my dressing gown on and I took my things off underneath it.
Quest: All of them?
Secretary: I kept my woolly socks on. That was my safeguard.
Quest: How effective were they?
Secretary: Not very! I still expected everyone to burst in, so I was thinking vaguely nothing rude would happen. Then Carl started on this long, rambling, stupid story about this married woman he'd been involved with and how her husband had turned up unexpectedly, and Carl had had to ski off into the night stark naked. I didn't believe it. But then he had to demonstrate it.
Quest: How did he do that?
Secretary: One of the boys had left his skis propped up in the corner with his boots still in the bindings. But anyway Carl plonked them down in the middle of the living room, squeezed into the boots and started to act out his daring escape. So I threw a cushion at him. Several, actually.
Quest: With what result?
Secretary: His towel fell off. He started throwing them back, then got out of his bindings, and began stomping round the room hurling cushions at me, with his whatsit bouncing around in front of him.
Quest: How did you react?
Secretary: Hysterically! I could hardly stand anyway. Then he tripped and we went into one giggling heap with Carl on top of me. That's really when everything happened.
Quest: You made love?
Secretary: I remember looking down and seeing my dressing gown had come undone. Carl looked at my breasts and said, 'What's this then?' and bent his head and kissed me. It felt like a tiny shock went through me. When he lifted his head I saw my nipple was standing up. Then one of us must have moved a little because I was feeling his skin against mine all the way down my body, and I realised my dressing gown must be wide open. Something warm and rigid was nudging against the inside of my thigh. Carl was staring at me as if he was surprised as I was, as if he was waiting for me to say something.
Quest: To tell him to stop?
Secretary: I suppose. But I didn't say anything. I suppose I wanted to see if he really wanted it to happen. I felt something move, down between my legs, and we both looked down. And he was in me.
Quest: Carl had penetrated you?
Secretary: I must have been so wet and open without realising it. I'd hardly felt him. It was so strange. Seeing him there, half inside me. He grinned at me, though I could feel him trembling. 'Seems to have a will of its own,' he whispered. 'Shall I take it away?'
Quest: What did you say?
Secretary: I reached down, and put my hand on his bottom, and pressed it toward me and he slid right into me. And we made love.
Quest: You decided he really wanted you?
Secretary: I wanted him to do it properly.
Quest: And did he?
Secretary: Well he made *me* come. I'm sure *he* did by the way he acted.
Quest: Did you make love again?
Secretary: Four or five times.
Quest: He sounds quite an athlete.
Secretary: I don't think he actually came many times. I mean he put it in me and made me come, and he did it with his mouth too. He was very expert, and gentle and loving too. It was one of the most incredible evenings of my life.
Quest: Was it repeated?
Secretary: Until I had to leave. We went to his house, though.
Quest: And after the holiday?
Secretary: He was going back to Australia. But I don't regret any of it.
Quest: Thank you.

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Sarah

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JO MONTGOMERY

The small, attractive town of Port St Mary on the Isle of Man was the birthplace of the equally pleasing Sarah Bradley. Eighteen-year-old Sarah spent much of her early life and teenage years in the Manx village before she moved to her present home in Hastings, Sussex. But she reckons that the town was probably quite pleased to see her go. 'I think they found me and my friends a bit raucous,' said 34–23–34 Sarah referring to her love of motor cycles and the men who ride them. She felt that curtains twitched as she rode past.

In the warmer weather, Sarah now rides to Fairlight to bare all on what she claims was Britain's first naturist beach. These days it is usually on the pillion, as she has long since sold her own bike. 'It was only a little BSA 50,' she grinned, 'but I was very fond of it at the time. And it was great for beetling around the island to visit boyfriends.'

Sarah even had a go at probably the trickiest of the motorcycling arts, trials riding. 'I kept falling off,' she told us laughing, 'and I got very muddy, but it was great fun.' Sarah is now making modelling her career but started by doing promotional work. It wasn't long before her beauty was spotted. 'I was delivering leaflets for the *Courier*,' she said, 'and I kept getting followed by all the local boys.' In the evenings, don't expect to find her in the local discos though, she hates them. Sarah much prefers to see a band live, and adores concerts, many of her friends being performers.

The First Two Swords
continued from page 22
ing for the kill. Somehow he parried again, but in the sheer speed of his manoeuvre stumbled forward and clutched with desperation at my right shoulder. The combination of this, my weight being forward on my right foot, and the slippery grass, sent me crashing to the ground. The unthinkable had occurred – an opponent stood over me, sword in hand, whilst I lay helpless, my sword out of arm's reach, and imbedded a full foot in wet earth. Such is the speed of swordplay at close-quarters that reflection on death can be but a moment, we of the art are precise and clinical. But even this was too long as my thoughts dwelt on that fluted blade.

His swordpoint, poised inches above my heart, moved slowly away, reluctantly, it seemed, to the ground. He stepped back, and spoke with quiet voice: 'Today I have duelled with the finest swordsman the world has yet seen. Your talent does not belie your reputation, sir, though I would not have admitted this an hour before. The honour of "First Sword", I believed, belonged to me.'

I glanced longingly for my sword; his, though lowered, could be raised in a flash. His eyes followed mine almost sadly:

'Retrieve your sword, I could not claim your death on a fall from my own ineptitude. My name would smell such that I could not bear the stench.'

'That's very true, my boy,' I approved, hastily taking possession of my weapon again, and wiping it clean. 'You are indeed a man of honour. And, I might add, a most accomplished duellist. I must confess,' I smiled, feeling better by the second, 'I have not met your like before. One might imagine that you, too, had studied under La Boessiere, but of course your age does not allow it.'

'No, the Italian school, exclusively.'

'Ah, I might have guessed, the flamboyant attacks, that virtuoso footwork. Don't misunderstand me, I have the utmost respect for the Italian school – but I fear we disagree.' I looked over my shoulder. 'Madame awaits.'

'Who?'

'Why, Madame, the reason we're fighting this duel. She's in that carriage over there.'

'Is she?'

'Yes.'

'Then, let her wait sir.'

I was beginning to feel positively paternal towards him: 'Do you wish to withdraw from this engagement, my boy?' I asked hopefully, 'I feel you could well do so, with honour.'

'Do you?'

'It is not possible for me,' I smiled. 'You see, my reputation does not allow it.'

'Nor mine – when you are ready, sir.'

'At your service,' I bowed.

Rat-a-tat-tat. Rat-a-tat-tat. We settled comfortably down to it again. It was a fine morning now, the birds in full song, and the sun warm on our backs as we circled and spun. Its glinting reflections from the flashing blades were a joy to behold. Having just been reprieved from imminent impalement, perhaps I felt understandably benevolent. Signalling a temporary cessation to hostilities, I advised:

'I notice, my boy, you make two *prises de fer* in succession as you attempt to take my blade. In my experience these are best done in opposite directions – you'll forgive my presumption.'

'Of course – I'd noticed that it was your custom. However, time for practice is now a trifle short. Shall we continue?'

We set-to once more. Hard at it as we'd been for over forty minutes, we were both perspiring freely.

'You are extraordinarily quick,' I panted, as by dint of speed alone he evaded another lunge. He grinned as he danced in again with a feinting attack from low to high: 'I need to be, with your turning blade at the ultimate second – the devil knows how you do it.'

'True,' I nodded, keeping him off with a feint at his knee. Any intentions I had of killing him had long gone. 'Only the devil and I. What happens when you tire, my lad?'

'Then I'm as dead as mutton, aren't I? If I haven't got to you before,' and with that he redoubled his efforts. I signalled for another cessation.

'You're giving me time to recover,' he accused, 'I ask no favours, and I am still in full strength – come, let us finish it.'

'A moment,' I begged. 'You are the best opponent I have yet met, but eventually you must tire, Madame is worth it?'

'Madame?' he gasped, 'Madame? – No, not ever.' Then he laughed outright. 'There are a thousand Madames in Paris, sir, not to count the other towns in France.'

'Hmm,' I glanced at the carriage, then back at him, feeling friendlier still:

'That's most ungallant of you, have you no honour?'

'Not so,' he replied coolly, and shook some of the sweat from his brow. 'To risk my life for one might deny the others the pleasures of my company. As to my honour, it is unassailable, I was born a peasant in Italy, the effete codes of your aristocracy are to me ridiculous.'

That did it. I looked hard again at the carriage windows, the curtains half pulled back, her imperious beauty gazing impatiently out, wanting, no doubt, her imperious breakfast. Madame had held the ring too long, I could now see an end to these interminable affairs. Madame was about to receive her *coup-de-grace*.

'So,' I smiled, 'my ambitious young peasant, you're a double-dyed villain, are you not? You've deceived my mistress, just to get at me.'

'And why not?' he asked, flexing his sword. 'Come, let us finish it – I may yet get both, though there are many Madames, but only one "First Sword".'

'No, my boy, you're wrong,' I chuckled. 'From henceforth there are two.'

'How so?'

'I hereby acknowledge you as my peer,' I smiled. 'You're not, of course, but as near as makes no odds, and I should abhor the passing of such an artist.'

'You mean you would share your position, everything with me?'

'Everything.'

'I would be equal in status and, we would share it all?'

'Everything.'

'Then I accept.' He laughed, and threw his sword to the ground.

Mine followed, then, stepping forward, I kissed him on the cheek.

'I gladly reciprocate, sir,' he smiled, then did so. Just lately I had feared the kiss of death.'

The carriage door flung open, and out stormed Madame. Her fury, like her beauty, has to be seen to be believed. They both defy description.

'Arrant despicable cowards,' she raged. 'Are you set to make me the laughing stock of Paris? How can you even dare to look me in the eye?'

Had we been men of lesser mettle, the very fire from those flashing eyes might have razed us to the ground. 'A duel to the death, indeed, between two passionate men of honour. What passion? What honour? You're mincing about like a pair of turtle-doves in season.'

'We have come to an arrangement my love,' smiled my companion.

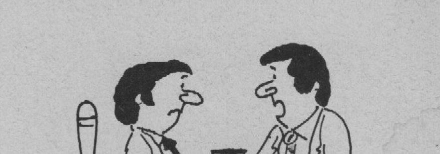
'Yes, my sweet,' I agreed. 'We thought it intolerable that you be denied either of our company.'

'What? You jest with me, you scoundrels?' She pointed a trembling finger at us both, 'Don't think, you curs, you've seen the end of this, I'll have you both barred from decent society, I'll have you hounded from the land.'

'Brave dogs you must own Madame,' laughed my young companion merrily, 'as will hound the "First Two Swords in France".'

'Ooh!' she screamed, feeling the impotency of her position and my sword across *la derrière* as she rushed poste-haste to her carriage.

We sit together, as is our custom after a good dinner, in the Cafe Royale, enjoying good cheroots and a choice wine. It is warm and pleasant there of an evening, the music gay, the service excellent; we are treated with great deference by all. We share everything, even Madame – but better share than dead, no? Challengers are now scarce nowadays, and those my fire-eating young friend soon gobbles up. But they are few, behind him is always me – Nemesis! It is an honourable, satisfactory arrangement, is it not? After all, these affairs of the heart are but transients. Whereas a glass of wine, a good cheroot and a boon companion, are convivial joys forever.



'I've been sleeping around – in the spare room, the bathroom, the garden shed . . .'

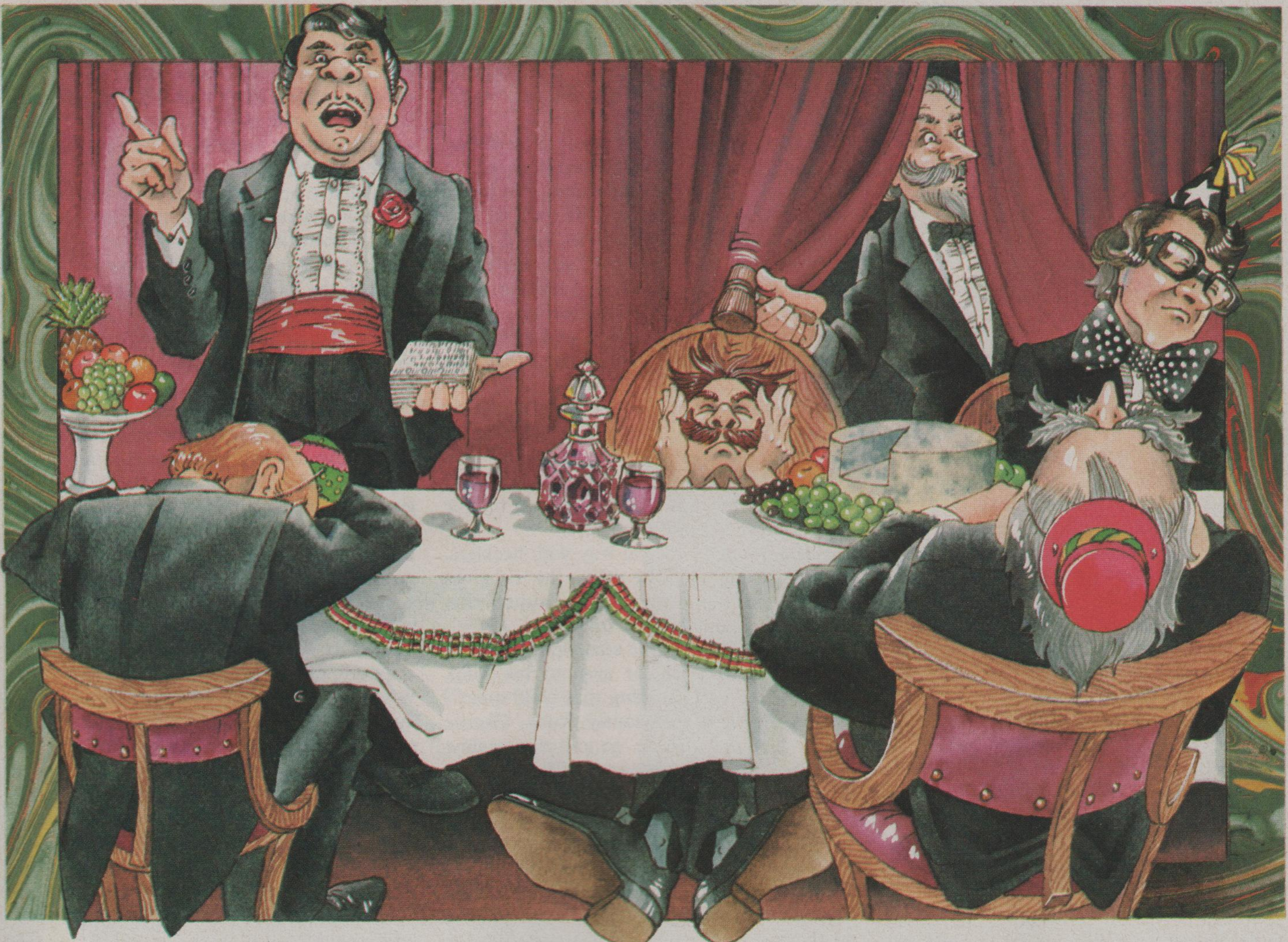


ILLUSTRATION BY TERI GOWER

The meal is over, the port's been passed, and the guests await a witty speech. But before you stand and open your mouth, remember Lord Mancroft's warning – it is like a love affair; any fool can start, but to end it requires considerable skill

Public speaking: it gives me great pleasure – sometimes

By Paul Keers

There is a principle which states that you can never really suffer from an after-dinner speech. Either you go away stimulated, or you wake up refreshed. Unfortunately, this is the time of year which seems to disprove that principle. It started with the usual round of Christmas parties and New Year functions and now there are annual dinners. And it usually seems that minutes after the toastmaster has prayed silence for the speaker, I'm praying for the speaker's silence.

As soon as some people stand up they seem to go totally blank. Which just supports the old theory that the brain never stops functioning from the moment of birth until one rises to speak in public. And at other times, I can only assume that the organisers have tried to get a wit to speak, and failed – and settled for two half-wits instead.

But fortunately, I've also come across a number of seasoned speakers who really know how to make an after-dinner speech, with the perfect combination of wisdom and wit. I hope I've picked up a few tricks of the public speaking trade for myself, and I hope that more of this season's speakers pick them up as well. I've spent too long building little walls out of sugar cubes. And as Rossini once said of Wagner, I've had some wonderful moments, but some awful half hours.

From the opening remarks you can usually tell how good a speech will be. Most experienced speakers know that it needs a good, witty opening to take people's attention away from passing the port. After all, everybody should be feeling full, warm and quite content – quite content, in most cases, to drift off to sleep. I've heard quite a few speakers use the opening which I first came across attributed to Lord Kilmuir. 'The chairman just turned to me and said, "Shall we let them enjoy themselves a little longer, or will you begin your speech?"'

Most speakers have to begin after receiving an introduction usually lavishly laced with praise. 'There is one difference between a speech of this kind heaping praise on the living, and a funeral oration extolling the dead,' said Chaim Weizmann, rising after just such an introduction. 'In this case, there is one listener who is ready to believe in the truth of all that was said.'

Or, as Adlai Stevenson used to begin, 'I am very grateful to Mr Brickman for his generous obituary.'

But perhaps Lord Janner had the neatest opening of all. 'After all those kind words, Mr Chairman,' he said, 'I can hardly wait to hear myself speak.'

Sometimes, of course, we still have to wait while someone gets the microphone to work. Personally, I always respect a speaker more if he waits for the equipment to be put right. It's much better than soldiering on through a series of shattering shrieks and howls. And if the organisers had thought that he could reach the back of the hall without a microphone, they wouldn't have put one there in the first place.

One distinguished gentleman from the old Air Ministry told a sad story about his experiences with a microphone. 'I told my wittiest story,' he recalled, 'and not a muscle moved on the faces of any of the guests. I

stopped, and asked the Master of Ceremonies whether the microphone and loudspeakers were working. I'm afraid he answered that they were.'

Speakers who are addressing a gathering with clergy, peers or perhaps even Royalty do, of course, have to mind their opening protocol. A lot simply pop into the library and look it all up in one of *Debrett's* guides to social etiquette. But I believe that the busy ones ring up *The Daily Telegraph* Information Service, who will sort the whole thing out.

Fortunately, most people are unlikely to encounter the problem of a speaker at a trade dinner in the Soviet Union. He had carefully translated his opening remarks from English into Russian, but as he rose to speak he realised that he had forgotten to translate 'ladies and gentlemen'. Luckily, he spotted the pair of doors at the side of the hall, and launched confidently into his speech. When he finished, he turned to one of the delegates and asked him how he thought the speech had gone down.

'Very well, comrade,' replied the Russian. 'But in our country, we usually begin our speeches with "ladies and gentlemen", not "water closets and urinals".'

It's impossible to say what a good speech is *about*. Speakers are invited to talk about every subject under the sun – and to a really good speaker, the subject is almost irrelevant. He will talk *around* the subject, weaving his tales in and out of his talk. But I would say that nearly all successful after-dinner speeches contain a large dose of wit.

Now, it doesn't matter if the jokes are old. I'll laugh at anything after a good meal and some fine wine. I've heard speakers tell the same tales time and time again, and get a laugh on each occasion. In fact, the more stories they steal, the more acceptable it is. Steal from one source and it's plagiarism. Steal from three, and it's research.

One speaker had a built-in safeguard against the audience having heard his jokes before. 'I'm doing more and more public speaking these days, and I'm having to repeat some of my speeches,' he said. 'In fact, this is largely a repetition of a talk I gave last week in Wormwood Scrubs. So apologies to anyone who heard all this before.'

And the top talkers always check out their audience in advance, so they know just how blue their jokes can get. Clement Freud once began a speech by admitting that, 'I asked your chairman for details of the audience I would be speaking to today. Numbers of people, broken down by age and sex. He replied, "Yes, they are . . .".'

Charlie Chester, another great after-dinner speaker, obviously has a wealth of comic material to slot into his speeches. But he always adapts his jokes, and fits them to particular people in his audience. You'd never hear him say, 'Did you hear the one about the fat man . . .'; instead, he picks an overweight member of the committee, tells everyone what a grand bloke he is, and then adds, 'But of course, I knew him when he only had one stomach.'

Charlie believes that's one of the easiest ways to get new laughs out of old jokes – simply attach them to someone who's present. 'In doing this, you reflect that person's popularity,' he says. 'And in making him or her laugh, you please the others.'

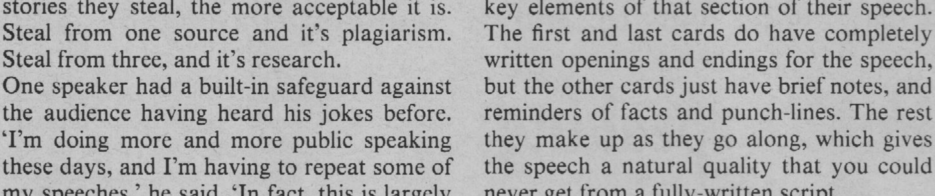
He also has a wonderful way with hecklers. 'What was that, sir?' he asks – the 'sir' gives him just the right air of aggrieved superiority. 'I'm not interrupting you, am I?'

If he keeps it up, Charlie sometimes calls out to the bloke's table (or even to his wife). 'Would you mind keeping that child quiet?' And if the bloke's obviously drunk, Charlie usually suggests that he 'go and lean against the wall – that's plastered as well!'

One of the things I discovered is that experienced speakers, especially MPs, rarely use a fully-written script. Instead, they use a set of index cards, one for each section of their speech. The cards are numbered on the corner, in case they get dropped, and then as each one is finished it's returned to the bottom of the pack. They're easier to handle than sheets of paper, and much more discreet.

And on each card, they only note down the key elements of that section of their speech. The first and last cards do have completely written openings and endings for the speech, but the other cards just have brief notes, and reminders of facts and punch-lines. The rest they make up as they go along, which gives the speech a natural quality that you could never get from a fully-written script.

Only on one or two occasions have I seen professional speakers use a complete script for their speech. They're usually people who know exactly how to write for their natural speaking voice, which is a difficult skill to master. And they cover their script with coloured inks – red underlining, say, for a word to be stressed, and a green vertical line between words when they want to pause. It ends up looking like a blood-flow diagram.



But perhaps the most important thing about an after-dinner speech is its length. And there's an American saying which I think is particularly appropriate here. If you cannot strike oil within fifteen minutes, stop boring.

It's conceivable that someone, someday might speak for too short a time. After all, there is the story of Lord Birkenhead, who was invited to address a dinner which was very well-attended in anticipation of his talk. When the chairman asked for his address, Birkenhead stood up, said, 'Forty-eight Grosvenor Square,' and went home.

And George Bernard Shaw was once asked to a dinner to give his observations on sex. He rose and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure.' Then he sat down again.

But it's much more likely that speakers will go on for far too long instead. I can understand them ignoring the fact that guests are looking at their watches. But how can they ignore it when people are shaking their watches and holding them to their ears? When you've just had a meal, there's nothing more unwanted than a speaker who tries to make another one out of his speech.

Unfortunately, there's not a lot you can do about it once he gets going, other than have another gin and bear it. But I was amused by the tale of one speaker who just kept droning on and on and *on*. Finally, one of the guests whispered to the Master of Ceremonies. 'Hit him on the head with your mallet!' The MC took a suitable swing but, in his efforts to disguise what he was doing, accidentally hit the Guest of Honour instead. He began to slide beneath the table in semi-consciousness, but just as he was disappearing he was heard to mutter, 'Hit me again – I can still hear him!'

Occasionally, you'll find that the person speaking afterwards, or proposing the vote of thanks, will take the opportunity to express the views of those poor souls still awake. One chap in Cambridge put it rather nicely. 'I know that we have all greeted each sentence expressed by Mr Reynolds with something of the wretched anticipation felt when one notices the approach of an old but extremely seedy acquaintance.'

Or, as another speaker put it rather more sharply, 'I always smile at Mr Hamilton's jokes. First at their elegant wit, and then again with nostalgia.'

'Mr Jameson didn't speak a word until he was ten,' said yet another. 'His mother didn't know whether he was dumb, or just speaking his mind.'

So if a man wanted a brief word of advice on giving after-dinner speeches, the word would be exactly that – brief. As Samuel Butler said, 'Brevity is very good, when we are, or are not, understood.' And I think that applies particularly when proposing toasts.

The further someone comes down the toast list, the shorter their toast should be. In most cases, toasts are either introducing, praising or thanking someone; it's pretty straightforward, and a pretty straightforward toast, asking the company to raise their glasses, would be quite sufficient. There's nothing

worse than someone who's supposed to be praising the Guest of Honour's speech launching into a speech of their own. Adlai Stevenson likened the relationship of toast and speaker to that of the fan and the fan dancer. 'It should call attention to the subject,' he explained, 'without making any particular effort to cover it.'

But toasts of thanks should always include a reference to something within the main speech itself. It shows that at least one person has been listening – and if you treat a man's world like pearls, he won't think he's been talking to a bunch of swine.

As far as introductions are concerned, I shall tell just one tale, and leave the moral to your own imagination. In the 1966 election, a local Conservative Party chairman was introducing Edward Heath. 'In the short time since our guest of honour has become leader of the Party,' he thundered, 'his name has become a household word. I am proud, honoured and delighted to introduce you to our future Prime Minister, Mr ... er ... er ... er ...'

Of course, the great advantage of toasts and introductions is that the speakers are automatically provided with an ending. With a speech, they have to decide how to finish the thing, and the kind of note on which to close. It was Lord Mancroft who said that, 'A speech is like a love affair. Any fool can start it, but to end it requires considerable skill.'

All I can say is that the best speakers I've heard used the simple device of ending on the opposite note to the majority of their speech. So a light-hearted speech ended on a serious note, while a more sombre speech ended with a flash of wit, and the speaker sat down during the laughter. And that little trick nearly always seemed to work.

At the end of a speech, most people will know just how well they've done. Although the vote of thanks will sound genuine – providing, of course, that it's supplied by a speaker cleverer than his predecessor – it's quite obvious from the guests' applause whether they enjoyed the speech themselves. And a poor speaker hardly needs the experience which befell one chap, who was approached at the end of the evening by an elderly gentleman.

'You weren't really on form tonight, were you?' he asked. One of the committee immediately rushed up and steered the old gentleman away. 'You must forgive old Thomas,' he explained. 'He's getting on a bit, and he hasn't got a mind of his own. He just repeats what he hears other people saying.'

But despite some of those awful half-hours, I still look forward to some real entertainment when they call for silence at the end of a formal meal. I can understand why men are worried at the prospect of making a speech themselves – after all, the stress of a ten-minute speech has been computed as equivalent to that of driving a racing car for five minutes. But most of the audience will be other men like me – wishing them luck, and willing them on. With a few tricks of the trade, anyone should be able to talk to a group of well-bred, well-fed gentlemen. And I'd enjoy an after-dinner speech from anyone who followed three simple golden rules: Be sincere ... be brief ... be seated.

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M192

Geraldine

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

If you happened to bump into 22-year-old Geraldine McCormack at the National Hall, Olympia, one Saturday in mid-December, and told her that she had a beautiful pussy, she would most definitely take it in context, and not slap your face. Quite the reverse, for Geraldine's pussy is of the fluffy, purry kind. 'He's a friend's really,' says 36-22-35 Geraldine, 'but I've sort of adopted him. We entered him in the non-pedigree section, and he gained a couple of places, and a first in one class. But no more pussy jokes, please – I hear them all at home. It's bad enough all the pussy jokes on *Are You Being Served?* Did you know there's even a punk band called Mrs Slocombe's Pussy?'

When not indulging in her feline fetish, Geraldine spends most of her free time away from the London building society office where she works either eating out, or going to films. 'I'm not afraid to go to the cinema by myself. Men often go alone, so why can't a woman.' Alone? 'I don't make friends easily,' she confides, 'especially boys. I find it hard to talk; I'm shy in company of others, but one day perhaps. I want men to like me, however.'

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LETTERS

continued from page 12

tougher than their British rivals (some are better looking too). They take their bouts seriously with holds modelled on professional wrestling. Their scanty costumes contrive to reveal a good deal of luscious bare bottom which is always pleasing to look at. The escape of Busty's left breast from its moorings is beautifully contrived, and in the photo where the girls are squaring up to each other, there is an unexpected glimpse of nipple. So far, so good. But the Californian referee does have to comply with a crazy law that forbids nudity, and has to stop the fight so that girls can recover their modesty. This must be inhibiting to the wrestlers, and is certainly frustrating for the audience.

Luckily, the English experience is more explicit, and the girls we are told frequently end up nude. It's good too that the tops come off at an early stage. Tiffany's breast, as she takes the first fall looks delicious even if encased in synthetic mud. Charlene's pert little nipples peer invitingly at the observer through a thin muddy film, only her briefs detract from the overall beauty of her nude body. No amount of mud can hide the lovely body of Tiffany, as she acknowledges the plaudits of the crowd. Though here again, the remnants of her briefs do provide a jarring note. It's good to hear that Romi is now a regular performer at Putney. She, and all expert strippers like her should appreciate why nudity is so important, and how to achieve it effectively. Of course the girls could perform nude throughout but that would spoil that element of striptease which in my view is so important.

I'm making no extravagant claims for female mud-wrestling. It's a messy business however one looks at it. It hasn't quite got the sensual thrill of nude ballet or a solo stripper. But it is straight-forward, honest, erotic entertainment which does no harm to anyone, and a great deal of good for many. The girls are a delight and an inspiration to which my body responds with unmistakeable enthusiasm. And so, Tiffany, Charlene, Caroline, Kelly, Kayla, Moragand Romi, I salute you, May your innocent fun and games in stage mud continue to excite and arouse those lucky enough to observe you at play for a long time to come.

NT, Powys

Your *Quest* survey on threesomes made fascinating and arousing reading. As you so correctly stated, the idea of two girls at one time is a common fantasy for men, and one that I have had for some time.

Like one of your interviewees, I lived with two sisters at one time, and I frequently longed to get them into bed together. I dreamed of what I would have each of them do. I eventually decided that one sitting on my face whilst the other took me in her mouth would be a great start. Then perhaps they could swop around so that I could have one whilst sucking the boobs of the other. The combinations are great and extremely pleasant to think about. But where are the girls willing to try it? Practically all threesomes seem to be chance encounters. Surely some girls somewhere would like to try it.

Let's hear a few more stories of threesomes, especially from the girls. I'd love to know more about what they would enjoy.

TOK, Wolverhampton

I'm a soldier in the British Army, and at present I'm based in the Falklands on a five month tour. And I thought I'd tell you of a very real incident in my life which occurred last June.

We were departing for Denmark for a two week tour of duty, leaving at about 10am on the train. It was rather empty, and we settled down in our carriages. In mine were two Jocks, a Geordie, an Englishman and myself. (I'm Welsh). Naturally the conversation turned to women, and how many we were going to have when we got to Denmark. I was quite confident, having been before, and known a couple of Scandinavian girls.

When the train stopped at a small station I noticed a lot of people getting on. One of them was a stunning young blonde who I could tell was Danish. She stared at me for about ten seconds, and then went to buy a drink in the buffet car. I followed her in. I didn't waste a second, and immediately asked her what her name was. She told me, in good English, that her name was Inga (name changed), and that she played for a local basketball team as well as being a PT teacher. But I only had one thing in mind by then namely to try and get between her legs.

I did make one mistake however by introducing her to the other men in my carriage. They moved in straight away. I pretended not to be too interested, playing it cool, by wearing my personal stereo at that point. She knew I was getting fed up, and I could tell that my mates didn't stand a chance, but I had to move fast otherwise we'd be in Copenhagen before I knew it. So I left the carriage, and gave her a wink. I said I was going to get some fresh air. She soon caught on, and I waited outside for her to say goodbye to my mates. When she came out, I suggested that we found our own compartment, so that we wouldn't be disturbed. She eagerly agreed.

There was still about two hours to go before we reached Copenhagen. We searched the train but could find no free compartments, so we nipped into a toilet instead. By now, I felt as if I had a snooker cue in my pocket. She was wearing a white cotton dress and high heeled shoes. She appeared to be about five feet ten inches tall in her heels. We locked ourselves in, and I started to slip the white dress off. She wasn't wearing a bra, but she was wearing a tiny pair of white knickers.

I was shaking at this unusual experience, even though I have had sex with many young girls in the past – I do try hard. Nervously I undid my trousers, and sat down. She lowered herself onto me, holding onto the towel rail for support. She was obviously no virgin, and aching for it. Slowly we started making it, Inga shouted a good deal as the train bumped around. In fact I kept falling out of her, so next we tried it doggy fashion, bending over the sink. It worked a treat. I was able to slip up her easily, holding on to her beautiful boobs. It really was great. I even went to her house about three days later for another go. It was marvellous. It just goes to show that these things can happen.

JCC, Falkland Isles

Danish trains must be a lot more stable than British ones. We have trouble washing our hands on the Inter City. Still it makes a good barrack room story.

I have just seen the film, *The Wicked Lady*, and, oh oh my, it was excellent. Glynis Barber, amongst others appeared nude in it. Is there any chance of pictures of her from the film in *Mayfair*?

Dominic Forsythe, Epsom

In our Vol 18 No 5 you will find *turn to page 114*

'I said I'd start you off on the sales floor.'

CARRIE

It's dust one of those things when Carrie cleans up

!
BANG!
STEVE KINGSTON

LETTERS

continued from page 111
our colour feature on The Wicked Lady *complete with Glynis Barber, and is available as a back issue at £1.45.*

With reference to a paragraph in your Christmas issue concerning transport and the effects in particular that large lorries have on the female of the species, I felt I must write to you. This is in confidence, as my husband was unaware of it happening.

My husband and I had broken down at the motorway service station, and we were both peering into the offending engine, totally unable to remedy the situation. We had already phoned the AA, and peering under the bonnet seemed the most convincing way of passing the time. Then, shortly, a truck driver passed by, and asked if there was anything he could do. It was then that my husband set in motion the events that were to pass.

'Can you give my wife a lift?' he asked. 'We only live a few miles from the motorway, and I shall be stuck here for hours.' Who was I to argue? The truck driver was rather dishy, and it had always been an ambition of mine to have a ride in one of those big cabs.

The trucker and I strode over to his lorry, to be confronted by the first hurdle. My skirt was tight and straight, so there was no way I could get into the cab unaided. I needn't have worried on that score. He swept me off my feet, and the look he gave me would have melted any iceberg. I knew exactly what it meant, and was totally turned on by it.

He started up the truck, and we motored a few yards to where my husband's car was parked. I asked him to stop as I'd forgotten the front door keys, so I leaned out of the window, and asked for them. As I did I had the wonderful sensation of this randy trucker touching me up. It was fantastic. My skirt had buttons down the front and he had already undone three or four before I realised what was happening. By then I really couldn't have cared less, though how I asked for the keys without stammering I don't know. My husband spent sometime searching for the keys, by which time, my new-found trucker friend was worming his fingers inside my panties. The gall of the man was ridiculous, but it didn't seem to matter at the time. The keys now in my possession, I couldn't wait to drive off the motorway, and find a convenient lay-by (an apt name I thought) to try out his cab. And, surprise, he agreed.

At the first one, he stopped the truck, and I started to crawl to the back of the cab but he stopped me half way by grabbing my panties. I have never felt so randy in all my life. I stuck out my bum, and he just buried his face in it. His tongue soon found my most sensitive spot, and I came almost immediately.

I crawled into the bed behind the front seats. He followed parting my legs, and licking me again. I came again within a very short while, but he seemed to like doing it and I didn't want to spoil his fun. I undid his trousers to reveal the biggest cock I've ever seen. He thrust himself deep inside me, rubbing my neck and nipples at the same time, and soon came with a force I'd never experienced before. He said he thought I was the best lay that he'd ever had and I'd like to think it was true.

We lay there together for a while before we realised that my husband would be home before me at this rate. He dropped me off at the end of the road, and now every time I see one of those big trucks, I can't help but smile to myself. I thoroughly endorse the comments of Ed and his Big Mack, they certainly do seem to have a lot of fun as they drive about.

(Name and address withheld)

Your Australian reader who ended the readers' letters column in Vol 18 No 12 by telling us that his gynaecologist's name was Phillip Cocks, might like to know of an even more embarrassing story.

Up in Tyneside, one of the local baths used to contain a solarium, but that is now being converted to a massage parlour. The lady who is going to run it is Swedish; she is a genuine masseuse and it's a genuine company. However, I can't help feeling that her intentions may be misunderstood. Her name is Wanke.

MR, Newcastle

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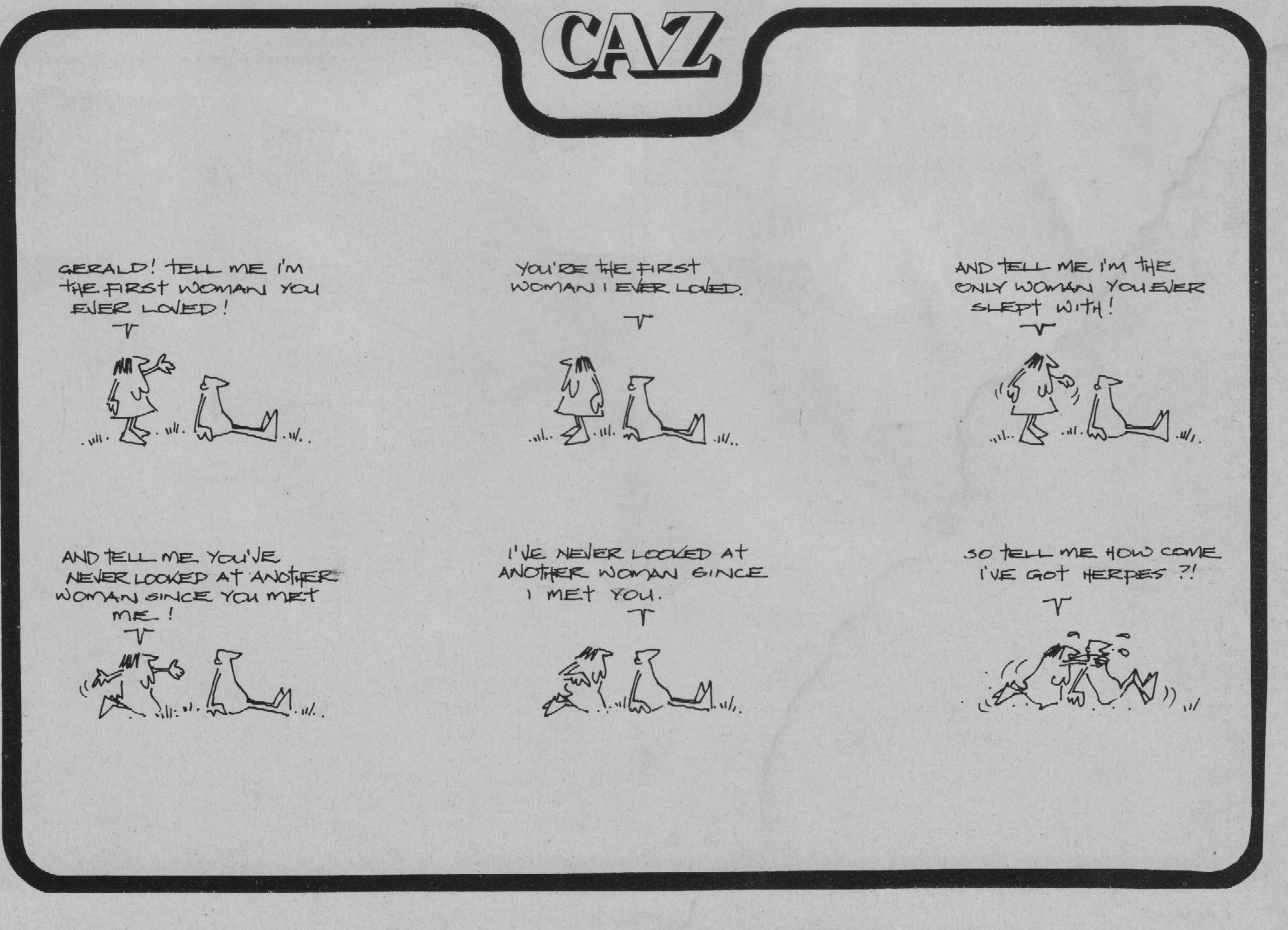

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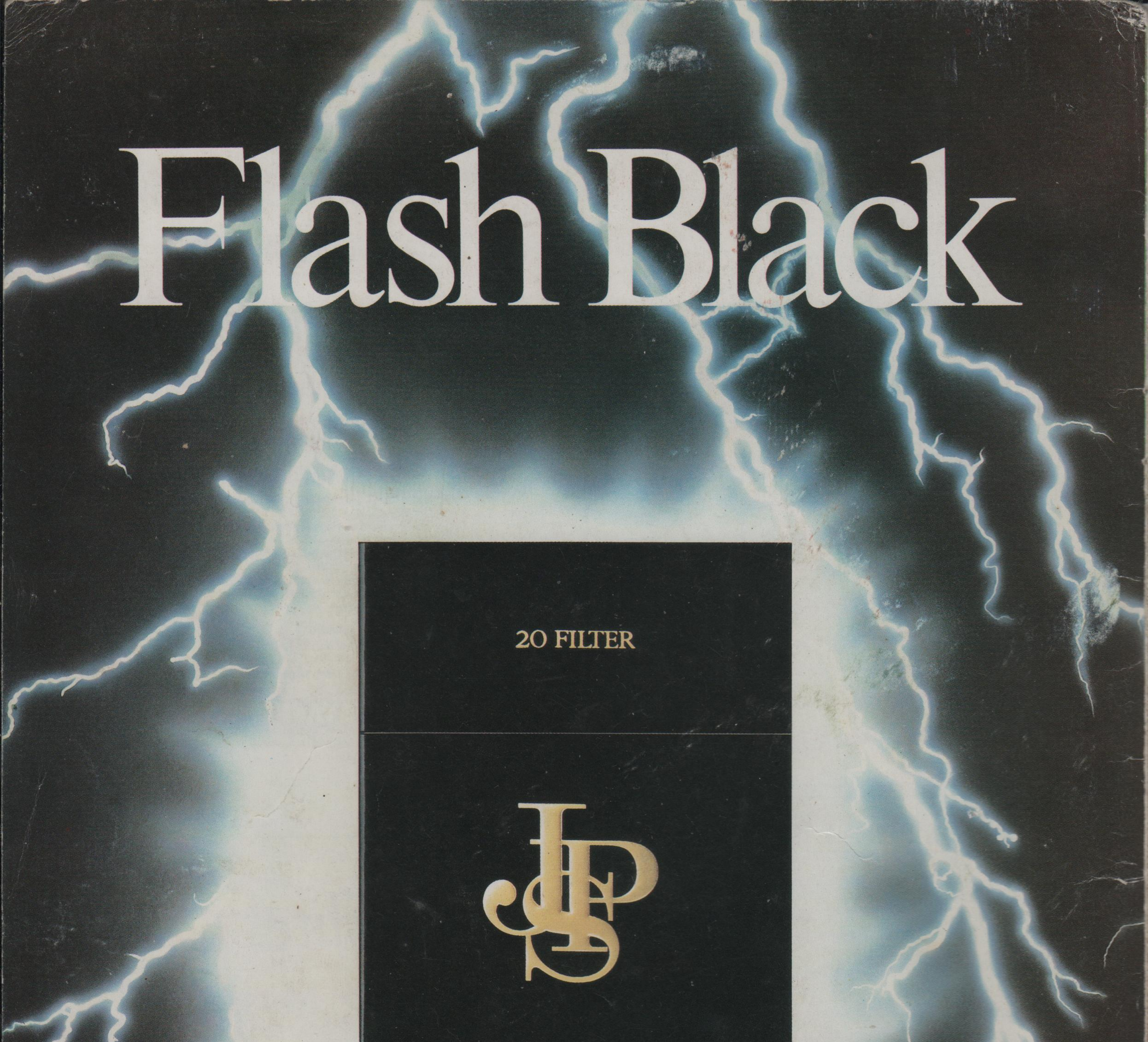

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